



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 32 – Number 12

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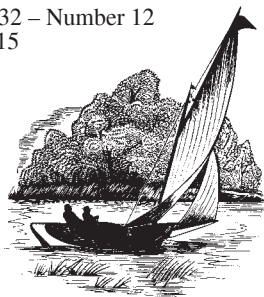
Special Features This Issue
Malahat: The WWI Lumber Schooners
1000 Islands – Sailboats and Life – Maine's First Ship
The Saving of a Star – Saving Coquina – The Grace Eileen



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

When I sat down at the Mac this morning to write this monthly opinion piece, I found something in my email from contributor Dan Rogers that set aside at once what I had in mind discussing as it cut to the core of our existence today in our small boat world. So without further ado I step aside this issue so you can read what Dan has to say while it is still timely:

“At risk of being seen as eccentric, I have a minor admission to make. I tend to start leafing through periodicals from back to front. Maybe it’s sort of like watching a play from back stage. So when I pulled the March *MAIB* from our mailbox, I stuck it on top of all the lesser stuff from *Atlantic*, the *Economist* and the latest gotta have offerings from Rockler and headed on down the hill to home. I hadn’t made it beyond the classified section by the time I got to the door, starting at the back, of course.

Actually, I hadn’t made it anywhere at all past the first ad. There, in the upper left corner of the page, in gleaming black and white was the THE boat of my often confused dreams, a ’56 Chris all decked over aft and showing the most attractive tumble-home in the universe. Of course, I can’t have it. But maybe if I’d done just about everything differently in my whole life, maybe that and winning a few lottos a week, I’d be on my way to Florida right now. But that boat is the sort of thing that could have made it all different. Unfortunately.

I grew up when Mrs Cleaver was wearing pearls in the kitchen and Ben Cartright owned all of Nevada. And, as fate would have it, wooden boats were rapidly becoming old fashioned. Obsolete even. Why would anybody want one of those old dinosaurs when he could have something in hot pink and lime green that never had to be waxed or even taken care of it at all? The times, they were a changin’.

I never got the opportunity to get very close to that varnish and chrome genre. Granted, the rich kids’ folks had boats like that. But for the most part rich kids were also the cool kids, and since about the time of Socrates and Plato it’s been a requirement for cool kids to be blasé about stuff. And if cool kids were blasé to each other, they were strictly not available to the rest of us rabble.

Only once did I ever get to ride in one of those. Actually it was only similar and it was at night and it took all of 20 minutes and then it was over. Well not exactly over. Not for me. But that was one of those roads not taken. So after I got the ink all smudged and stopped dialing that number in Coral Springs, and after I finally put the phone down and got my pulse back someplace below 100, I continued on toward the front of the magazine. Then, like a flyswatter across the point of my nose, came Boyd Mefferd’s piece on the decline of our designated lifestyle. Hey, just about every word was perfectly squared with my own

rather negative take on what’s gonna happen to this thing we call, rather loosely, “boating.” There I was, suddenly “talking” with yet another brother from another mother. And for all I know, Boyd has had his very own hands on the subject of my intense lust at the top of page 58. Lucky boy, huh?

I’ve said as much myself, many times. Boyd nailed the whole topic with an observation on associative conditioning. Back “then,” when we had the opportunity to actually work on, and handle, and just love most anything that floats, we, most of us, tend to carry that predilection forward into later life. In my case it was fiberglass runabouts and later fiberglass sailboats. But to come full circle.

I kept flipping forward and ran into this laconic tale of some dude taking a throw-away glass hull and planking a rearranged deck with hardwood. I got to thinking that there was some sort of longing in this guy for the actual stock standard, factory original version for sale in the classified section by some rich guy in Florida. The pictures seemed familiar, and I came to notice that this particular story was one of mine. OK, I’m kinda slow sometimes.

Boyd also speculated that future generations will carry a love of video gaming with them into the corporate board rooms and beyond. Now that sounds pretty thrilling, huh? Here’s what I think. Back about 50 years ago there weren’t all that many cool kids. Now everybody is a cool kid, as in aloof and detached. Well, just use the example of each and every launch ramp in North America. Other than the blood sport of watching bass boats collide with pontoon extravaganzas for the honor to launch or retrieve first, launch ramps are a pretty good place to study human behavior.

And, what I see, actually what I DON’T see is completely sad. I don’t see 12 year old boys begging dad to allow them to back the trailer in. I don’t see those same boys out racing little brother and the kid down the block for the honor of laying a perfect bowline or cleat hitch across the bow cleat. I don’t even see those boys firing up the engine and backing away from the dock. Nope. Just about never. Those boys have to coaxed out of the SUV with promises of, “It’s a short ride and then we can go to the mall...”

So they troop off (just about like the cool kids used to look at me when I’d say some sort of social faux pas like, “Wow, your family has an inboard ski boat, wow. That must be sooooooo fun! I just wish I could go with you sometime.”) Anyway, you probably already remember that look. Even if you weren’t a cool kid yourself.

So, what are we gonna do? Mostly we’re gonna get older and stiffer and more forgetful. But man oh man, some stuff we never forget. Did I tell you about the ad for a really, really cool Chris Capri I saw?

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 You write to us about...
- 5 The 36th Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise
- 6 The Lost Allure of Ferro-Cement
- 7 Baggywrinkle: Maiden Voyage
- 8 Nor’ Kopelli Camp Cruise
- 10 Book Reviews
- 13 Sailboats and Life
- 14 1000 Islands
- 16 NPS Surveys: Log Bottom Bugeye
Edna E. Lockwood
- 16 Chesapeake Swan Song
- 17 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: We’ll Never Fall in Love Again!
- 22 *Mainsheet*
- 24 Maine’s First Ship
- 27 Saving *Coquina*
- 28 The Saving of a Star
- 31 A Less Cluttered Shop
- 34 *Strumpet*
- 36 The Overhaul of *Punkin’ Seed* Again
- 37 JGTSCA
- 38 From the Tiki Hut
- 40 20 Mile Boat Build (continued)
- 42 In My Shop: Blond in the Beauty Shop
- 43 *Malahat*
- 48 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design:
Another Preliminary Study for
“Windemere 40”
- 49 The Saving of *Grace*
- 52 From the Lee Rail
- 53 Trade Directory
- 58 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

The folks at Maine’s First Ship are building a wooden boat on a scale vastly larger than that most (if not all) of us can ever hope to undertake. When one can stand inside of such a construct to view it, the beauty of form is just grand. Gotta love all those huge bent pieces of wood taking on so graceful a shape.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

Yesterday was as glorious a day as any of us in New England has any right to expect. Nearly 50°, partly sunny, an 8-knot breeze, and the waters of Fishers Island Sound a soft, rippled carpet of blue. We backed *MoonWind* out of her slip and motored out the channel. I gave the helm to my crew and raised our rags. Although the zephyr scarcely heeled *MoonWind*, I chose to bend on my brand new storm jib, just to get out the wrinkles. There's nothing crinkles more than a freshly sewn sail.

Besides, the bronze hanks glistened and needed some tarnish. There's nothing more embarrassing than having only some bronze hardware that glistens. It necessitates your polishing every piece of hardware on your boat. Then you need to varnish all your bright work. Then buff and wax your gelcoat, then wash your running rigging. Once you start to clean a boat, there's no telling where it may end. And the worst of it is, it takes time away from sailing.

Life's too short not to sail twenty-four hours a day. There's a fellow a few slips over from mine who spends his weekends cleaning and painting his sloop. He never goes out. He shudders when he sees me come in with sea salt on my grab rails. I watched him surreptitiously last summer. Twenty-three coats of varnish he put on his coamings. He buffed his deckhouse every single weekend. He kept his steering wheel so bright I couldn't focus on it. I watched a seagull smash a crab and eviscerate it on his cabin top one day. It's been a while since I saw a man cry.

But yesterday, his boat was covered in canvas, tightly stretched over a wooden frame. Now, every artist knows exactly what a stretched canvas is for, and many of our gulls in West Cove studied under Jackson Pollock and at times feel urgent needs to express themselves. I keep my self-expression under control. Whenever I feel urges, I go sailing.

Although the sun was half obscured about half the time, the afternoon proved bright and cheery although a little bit chilly. The altostratus panoply was stretched and streaky and grey and white, and obscured the windward sky. As the moisture in the cloud cover crystallized, a sundog's colorful muzzle poked through the clouds.

Aside from a small commercial fishing boat and a couple of skiffs commuting to Fishers Island, we had the sea to ourselves. Not a sail to be seen in any direction. Most sailors think of winter sailing as something for frostbite racers: little boats in some sheltered waters scooting from mark to mark. Why should that be? There must be close to a hundred boats that winter wet at West Cove. But many sailors have covered their boats. Many have removed their booms, taken them home to mount over their mantles to show to friends. "Yes, that's the boom from *Sea Puss*. Quite a boat! I remember I took her out one afternoon back in July. Made it nearly all the way past the breakwater."

I don't pretend to be resistant to cold and ice and snow and wayward penguins. But on a fine day in mid-winter, what can be more rewarding than to mess about on the sea for a little while? Of course you need winter clothing, this isn't the season to flaunt your naked self to the opposite sex. They'd be too cold to be responsive, anyhow. And our local seals think we look funny, with or without clothing.

"Pull your watch cap over your ears, pull your collar up to break the wind, pull on your sailing gloves, quit your whining and take the helm while I pry that frozen merganser out of the cringle." When you get too cold to feel your nose, come about on the other tack so the sun shines into the cockpit. Take along a thermos of something hot. Remember that you've winterized your head, so bring a bucket. Sunglasses are a must: the sun will be low in the sky, even at noon. And don't forget your boathook. You'll need it to beat your crew when they start to complain about a lack of circulation. There's nothing like a good flogging to get the blood circulating.

By four o'clock (sixteen hundred to all you real sailors) the sun has begun to think about retirement. It's best to head back to your slip before your nose bilge turns into icicles. And a hot log fire and a cup

of steaming chocolate will help restore flexibility to your fingers. Just don't overdo it. Self-indulgence makes us weak, prone to all the ailments known to man. Keep your house at 50° and always bathe in cold water. Leave some windows open all winter so you always know which way the wind is blowing. You are a sailor, aren't you? Central heating is very much overrated. So is hot running water. Real men and real women don't need all that sissified stuff in order to be content. Just ask my wife.



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Activities & Events...

Eastern Washington Multiple Messabouts

The time has come to start putting some finishing touches to our messabout plans for 2015. The modest sized group of stalwarts who brought boats to Priest Lake, Lake Roosevelt, Spokane River and Sprague Lake were quite unanimous. They all wanted to do something like that again. With a few changes.

Changes? Almost everybody wanted warmer weather. OK. That's pretty doable. A couple of the guys wanted to avoid all the launching and recovering that our multiple-location plan required. OK. We can avoid launching every couple of days. And one of the guys wanted to bring his schoolage kids along next time. Sure. We can do that, too.

First up will be the Nor'Kopelli Camp Cruise on Lake Roosevelt, Washington, July 26-August 1. See full details in a following article.

Following on will be the September Surprise Pocket Cruiser Circumnavigation of Lake Pend Oreille, Idaho, on September 20-26. Look for full details in the May issue.

Dan Rogers, Newport, WA, (509) 447-2197, DanAshore@conceptcable.com

Information of Interest...

Ed Monk Scholarships

The Center for Wooden Boats is calling for applications for 2015 Ed Monk Scholarships. The Ed Monk Memorial Award Fund, named to honor this prominent and respected Northwest boat designer and builder, has been established to provide educational opportunities for professionals working in traditional maritime trades. The mission of the award is to further maritime professionals' knowledge of traditional marine trades in other cultures. Study and research may include current and historical methods of boat construction using different materials, designs based on the functions to be served by the boats, materials available for construction and the state of technology.

The Center for Wooden Boats is seeking applications from qualified persons. Applications are due on or before May 1, 2015. The applicant should explain how the project will enrich the existing knowledge of the applicant and how the funds would be used. The budget for the grant may include transportation, housing and other appropriate expenses. Grants awarded will total \$2000. The background of the applicant in traditional marine trades and a list of references also are required. Applicants can be of any locality, wishing to study indigenous designs, materials and techniques of other areas.

Decisions by the Application Committee will be made by or before May 15, 2015. Funds granted must be used within one year of the award. A written report of the activi-

ties and benefit derived from the experience must be submitted to CWB. The Application Committee consists of the donor, John M. Goodfellow, and CWB Founding Director Dick Wagner.

The Fund was established by John M. Goodfellow, who has participated in the hands on history activities at The Center for Wooden Boats. He is an advocate of preserving traditional maritime skills and wishes to encourage this through studies of those traditional skills being carried on beyond the applicants' local regions and local knowledge.

For more information, contact Dick Wagner at CWB at (206) 382-2628 or dick@cwb.org

Dynamite Didn't Write Them

Reading Dave Gray's article in the January issue brought me back a few years. I have no argument with his polysylls, I have personally seen some that worked well for a number of years. My complaint is that he got the source of his Cartopper article all wrong. Dave gave credit to Dynamite Payson for writing the articles in *Family Handyman* about building the Cartopper. Wrong, Dave, that series of articles were written by Bruce Keffer, a cabinetmaker in St Paul, Minnesota. I happen to know this because I was hired by *Family Handyman* as a consultant to make sure that Bruce was doing it right.

I had worked with Bruce earlier on a series of articles about building strip canoes. I was a consultant on that job, also. These jobs were fun and they paid very well for the little that I contributed.

Before signing on to the Cartopper job I called Dynamite to make sure that he was happy with the arrangements that he had with the magazine. I loved his New England accent. I always remember our talk because he asked me, "Who is this guy, Bruce Keffer?" My reply was that he was a writer who ran a cabinet shop in St Paul, Minnesota. Dynamite came back with, "God save us from cabinetmakers." I was very glad that I had a chance to speak with Dynamite before he left us.

Mississippi Bob, Apple Valley, MN

Information Wanted...



Which Charles River Boathouse?

I am trying to determine which Charles River (Boston) boathouse my canoe pictured likely came from. My understanding is that, at least later on, like 1920s-30s, each boat-house painted their rental canoes their own distinctive colors usually with a stripe design on the ends that was their logo (or at least a design unique to them).

The colors on mine are a bright red trim on a dark blue hull. This canoe was not finished with the boathouse's stripe work yet.

Ken Kelly, MA, kenk@woodberrywine.com

Opinions...

Bolger and Canard

Having just read "So How Long Has Bolger on Design Been Running" in the February issue I wanted to say that I have been a Bolger fan since his *Small Boat Journal* days. In the late 1980s I built a 16' day sailer. I sent Phil the plans along with a list of about ten questions, which he graciously answered. When I asked what I owed him for his professional services he responded, "If you like you could send me \$10."

When Phil named his Canard design I would assume he was thinking of aircraft of that design. In his books he often brought up the similarity between wing and sail designs. In aviation a canard is an aircraft with the horizontal stabilizer on the nose of the aircraft versus the usual tail location. Bolger's equivalent creative genius in aviation would be Burt Rutan, who often used this configuration on his designs.

I have been a subscriber for at least 20 years, probably 25+. I would love to see Susanne include more small boat designs like most of your readers actually use in "Phil Bolger & Friends on Design."

Joe Pouliot, St Paul, MN

Projects...

Hoping to Have Caledonia Yawl Done

We are hoping to complete the Caledonia Yawl pictured before Cedar Key on the first full weekend in May. Please renew our subscription to *MAIB* for another year. We enjoy each issue, keep up the good work.

Rex and Kathie Payne, Spring Hill, FL



This Magazine...

Required Reading

Here is my belated renewal. I maintain that this is the greatest magazine on the planet and am convinced that it should be required reading in our public schools from first grade through high school. The overall IQ of our student population would surely increase. Thanks again for all the work you put into it.

Bob Errico, Manahawking, NJ

After a Lot of Years...

Durn, Robert, after a lot of years enjoying *MAIB* (even contributing once in a while) I have to report I'm beat down by puny SS income, escalating cost of living and inability to work for extra income anymore. I'm sorry that, just as you could use strong readership, I have to drop out, at least for as far as I can see just now. Thank you so much for the reading joy and boating friends you brought, wishing you and your gang all the best.

Bob Simmons, Sandpoint, ID

More About Outboards

I'd like to see more articles about outboards like the Penn Yan Swift and the Cartopper or Trailboat, also Lyman's, etc, and restorers who have made these original design beauties whole again. I have seven outboard boats. One is an original Trojan Sea Queen with all original upholstery but she needs new varnish and side paint. I have on

her a restored (I did it) 1956 Evinrude 25hp I converted to an electric start 25. In fact, if anyone has watched the STARZ network show from a few years past called "MAJIC CITY," I let them "borrow" the Evinrude and she's in episode #2, first year. So I hope to see more articles on outboards and the boats that ran them from the '40s and '50s.

Too many sailing stories in *MAIB*.

Art Korbel, Coral Springs, FL

Some Comments on the February Issue

Welcome, Brian Salzano, to the ranks of book reviewers in the February issue. Outstanding choice of book and thanks for the Project Gutenberg information. It's sometimes more worthwhile to let us know of obscure books as it is to highlight recently published items.

Doc Regan is a braver man than I, to take up the mantle of the late Hugh Ware, but it was an informative read. His review of the US Navy's current headaches with matching their more limited budgets to their future selection of fleet and vessels was succinct and as accurate as his limited space allowed. What he didn't point out was that as big a botch as the Navy's ship acquisition/development has been, it pales in comparison to the impending fiasco of the F-35 program, which looks to be on track to be the most expensive weapons system failure in world history. That one took the combined efforts of Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps. (Sometimes ignorance would feel a lot better than expert knowledge of certain subjects.)

As for the rest of the issue, I can only say "THANKS!" to everyone who contributed. You made our overly cold and snowy Indiana winter much more bearable. The one question I have to ask, referring to your "25 Years Ago in *MAIB*" selection, "Rendezvous with Hugo," did Joe and Roe Zammarelli ever make it out of Charleston in 1989?

John Nystrom, Peru, IN

MAIB Called a Gem

It was a great pleasure to find that even prominent luminaries such as the Director of the Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art, Mr Joseph C. Thompson, is a reader of *Messing About in Boats*, as reported in an interview in the Boston Globe on January 18. In response to the first question asked, "What are you reading currently?", Mr Thompson admitted to reading *Messing About* and called the publication a "gem," and he called the Editor a "kind of cranky guy in Wenham..."

Since a man is known by the company he keeps, and by the character of those who praise him, I assume that your readers should be pleased to know that their taste in reading material is shared by such celebrated public figures.

While I have never been an admirer of contemporary art, I must take my hat off to a gentleman who recognizes quality.

Joseph Ress, Waban, MA

The 36th Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise

The 36th Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise will be held May 1-3. The Launch Ramp Committee chose the Wye River Landing in Talbot County on Maryland's Eastern Shore for this year's launching site. Many have requested this location for many years. Part of our 1986 Spring Cruise was on the Wye River as well as many of our local weekend cruises.



The Wye River can be found on Page 9 of the Maryland Department of Natural Resources chart book, *Guide to Cruising Maryland Waters*. The Wye Narrows and Wye East River flow from east to west around Wye Island into the Miles River, Eastern Bay and finally to the Chesapeake Bay. There are numerous creeks and coves on both the north and south shores. This will be river sailing again, great for exploring the watershed with no real hazards (mud and sand bottom) to shallow water sailors. We can circumnavigate the island but there is a fixed bridge on the north side with a vertical clearance of 10'. The island is public in most places and we are permitted to land.

By John Zohlen
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

We will launch Friday morning at the public ramp in Wye Landing on the mainland east of Wye Island. We were able to get a Talbot County ramp permit for April 30 to May 3 from the Landings Officer at no cost. Parking is allowed on the right side of the road driving away from the ramp. The Wye Landing is a very busy place in the summertime, especially on weekends with commercial and recreational watermen. We should not have a problem launching but plan on the ramp being congested at haulout Sunday morning.

I propose spending Friday night in Pickering Creek. It is a short distance SW of the ramp around the corner on the mainland south shore. I think a raftup Saturday evening in Grapevine Cove is possible if the winds are favorable. Grapevine is on the NW corner of the island. An alternative is Dividing Creek on the south side of the island. Both are all weather anchorages.

The Wye Island area is rich in history, beginning with Maryland's Charter in 1634. A lot of this early history is described in Hulbert Footner's book, *Rivers of the Eastern Shore*. The first county seat of Talbot County stood in Shipton Creek in the 1680s. Wye Island contains about 2800 acres. The island is associated with two great Marylanders, John Beale Bordley and William Paca. Bordley was a great patriot and is noted for his husbandry. Paca was one of the signers of our country's Declaration of Independence.

Wye Island was self supporting in Colonial times. According to Footner it had a carpenter shop and smithy. There was a rope walk, a brickyard and kiln, a huge windmill, a large brew house, a double milk house and a great granary. Beef, flour, fruits and vegetables were shipped to the Continental military outposts. There were 13 small farms on the island in the last century. The farm on the SW end of the island (Bordley Point) is reputed to have been a way station on the Civil War Underground Railroad.

A developer purchased the island in the 1970s. About 400 acres were developed before there was a hue and cry from the public to preserve its heritage. The State of Maryland stepped in and purchased the remaining 2400 acres and turned it into a wildlife refuge management area. The island is on the Atlantic flyway.

The tides for Wye Landing, Wye East River, Maryland are only about a 1' range. The depth of water in the Chesapeake Bay is controlled more by wind than by the moon. A strong northwest wind will empty the bay and a strong southeast wind will hold water in the bay.

We hope to see a good turnout at the Spring Cruise and that we have good weather. There are plenty of snug places to anchor if the weather is not cooperative. So think faire spring winds.

We invite interested shallow water sailors to join us. Please contact me, John Zohlen, at (443) 223-7176 or preferably downthebay@verizon.net



The Lost Allure of Ferro-Cement

By Hans Waecker

In 1967 almost all the boating magazines carried articles about the "new" boat building material, "ferro-cement", a heavily steel-reinforced, concrete material developed by an Italian professor, Dr. Nervi, primarily for building large, free-standing dome structures. Ferro-cement had been used very successfully in boat hull construction, especially for commercial vessels in the lesser developed countries of the world, as the material had outstanding properties of strength and abrasion resistance as well as being easily repairable by unskilled labor with readily available materials.

The general tenor of the articles dealt with the simplicity of construction and the low cost of ferro-cement as the way for persons of moderate means to achieve the dreams of their lives. "A 35-footer for under \$3500!" I shall elaborate on the fallacy of this concept later.

At the time we owned a summer cottage, now our year-round home, on an island off the coast of Maine. "Wouldn't it be great to have a boat in the water year-round, without having to worry about flotsam or skim ice in the winter? One could get to the island any time!" So our thinking went.

Windboats, Ltd., builders in ferro-cement in England, were unquestionably the leaders in the field with their Seacrete formula, the only Lloyds-approved ferro-cement construction, with a 100 A1 rating.

There began a lively correspondence with Windboats, which resulted in the purchase of a 35-foot Seacrete hull with a Lister diesel engine. This hull/engine combination arrived in the U.S. just in time for the 1968 Boat Show in Boston, and is still in use now, almost 30 years later.

The interest of the public in this "concrete" hull was overwhelming. "We could possibly act as agent for Seacrete!" However, T. McDonald Hagenbach, owner/director of Windboats, convinced us that it would be more

realistic to build the boats right here in the States.

So we signed a licensing agreement with Windboats, went to England to learn the Seacrete process, formed our own "Marinecrete" Company and, for the construction of our first ferro-cement hull, a 32'x16' catboat, we "imported" a crew from Windboats.

The earlier alluded to "fallacy" became rapidly apparent. True, the concrete component of the construction was comparatively inexpensive. Even the steel rods and mesh were still within reasonable limits.

The construction, however, was terribly labor intensive, acceptable for the individual boat builder, maybe, but not so for a commercial builder.

Marinecrete had a permanent eight-person crew, including welders and "goers." At concreting time, however, when another six-person plastering crew finished the hulls, the cost went right through the roof.

The abovementioned "dreamers" did not realize that the cost of a boat hull, regardless of building material, constitutes approximately only one-fourth to one-third of the cost of the completed boat. Costs for joiner work, rigging, propulsion and steering are practically identical and independent of hull material.

In a sense, we at Marinecrete were "dreamers" ourselves, and rather naive ones at that! We thought that boat building could be done "on the side," in addition to another full-time occupation (like being a physician). "We build a boat, make a little profit, use it to build another boat and so on." How naive could one be! It soon became obvious that work slowed down at the yard when the physician/owner was at his main occupation and, when he was at the yard, no income was generated in the office.

Lack of overall business experience was another factor which should have been, but

was not, apparent, particularly when it came to cost calculation. For instance, a "hole" in an area of ferro-cement was not just a "hole." It had to be built. A steel ring had to be welded into the mesh prior to applying the concrete. This, of course, was an additional expense which had not been calculated into the cost. When multiplied by maybe ten "holes" (e.g., in the floors where shafts and hoses had to be routed through), this resulted in a substantial cost overrun.

Another unexpected problem arose with the 42-foot Pinky. The owner insisted on Lloyds supervision for his boat. This, in itself, was no problem, since Seacrete construction had previously been approved by Lloyds and assigned a 100 A1 rating. The "hitch" came when the designer, Tom Colvin, submitted the plans to Lloyds for approval. He included a sheet for his own ferro-cement construction which, although perfectly adequate, was different from Seacrete and, therefore, not acceptable to Lloyds. It took two months to sort out the problem while eight men twiddled their thumbs. Luckily the owner was a reasonable person and absorbed some of the extra cost.

An offer by another person to buy into the business was rejected for fear that this other person would take over the business. In retrospect, of course, this would have been the logical solution for the lacking supervision at the yard.

So it was that, after construction of four hulls, a 48-foot Alden design, a 32-foot catboat, a 42-foot and a 32-foot Pinky schooner, Marinecrete was broke. A consolation was the tremendous amount of new knowledge gained as well as the meeting of, and making friends with, many wonderful and interesting people, an experience not to be missed regardless of "tuition" paid.

Photo: The 42' Colvin designed pinky schooner built in ferro-cement to Lloyd's 100 A1 rating by us in 1969 at Marinecrete of New England.

Hans Waecker



In the March issue we had room for only a short obituary for former contributor Hans Waecker, so at that time we stated that we would bring you this article from the June 1, 1997 issue. Upon reading this tale we can all better understand Hans' turning to the simplicity of Phil Bolger's designs for his subsequent boat building.

Of particular interest is Hans' remark that, "In a sense we at Marinecrete were dreamers ourselves and rather naive ones at that! We thought that boatbuilding could be done on the side in addition to another full-time occupation (like being a physician)."

Hans' real world livelihood was indeed as a physician, educated in Germany in his youth in homeopathic medicine.

A maiden voyage offers lessons for the expert as well as for the novice. In fact, the expert is more likely unprepared to be unprepared. This was certainly the case when an expert surfer and fly fisherman built a sailboat and embarked on its maiden voyage. His expertise in waves and current was at moments scarily challenged by waves, current and wind. I know the feeling. Canoeing and kayaking would seem even closer crossover experiences. If anything, the transition from canoeing should be easier with the advantage of a double bladed paddle and permission to paddle on both sides. Rather than a short, spinny whitewater canoe I get a long sea kayak with a rudder if I choose to use it. With a couple of trips down the Grand Canyon in an open canoe I had something like the confidence of that surfer fly fisherman embarking on a maiden voyage in his sailboat.

Ocean waves, river waves, waves are waves, right? Well yes, but if I don't want to flip over I better lean into a breaking wave on the ocean and away from a breaking wave on a river. Makes sense? It does to me if I've got time to think about it and if I've got a napkin and pencil and can diagram the circular motion of wave hydraulics. But what about landing in the surf? Aren't those rollers coming into the beach like waves coming down a river, both dragging on a sandy bottom? Nope, not when it comes to which way you lean. You still gotta lean into the wave. Go get that napkin and pencil and keep thinking about it except, when you're in the soup there isn't time to think. And that's the problem a river runner has when he finds himself on an ocean beach. He often finds the cockpit of his sea kayak filled with wet sand.



Maiden Voyage

The immediate and less sandy solution is to forget the hydraulic diagrams and just think "ocean, into wave." Chant it like a mantra until it becomes instinctive. Is it possible to hold instincts which are 180° opposite depending upon the context? I don't know. A lot of dirt bike experts met disaster when they started hot dogging around on three wheelers. Another "crossover expert" bites the dust. I suspect the problem was solved not so much by dual instincts as by quads replacing three wheelers. Acquiring new instincts is hardest when they're counter intuitive. Lean the bike more when you're going too fast into a turn? Lean into the rock or brush pile toward which the current is hurling you and canoe? Lean down that steep ski slope so you can turn and slow up? Backing a trailer is even more weird but at least it's not as scary, not unless there's an audience.

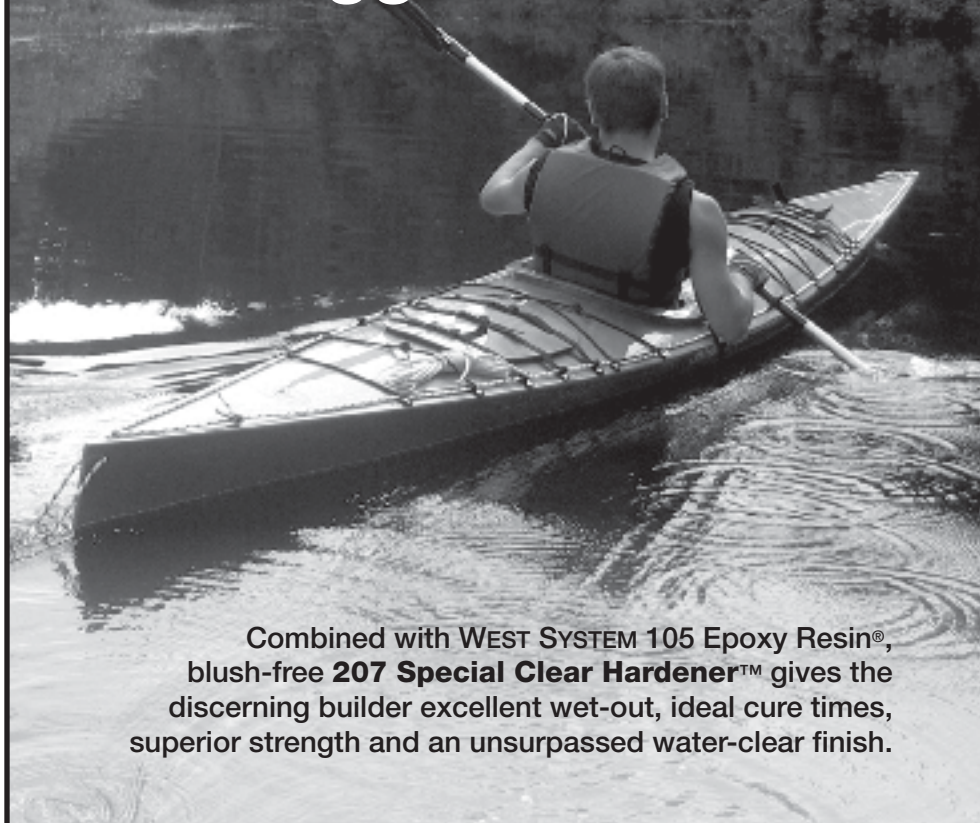
A motorcycle instructor used the analogy of a \$10 bill to represent one's "attention

budget." For the novice rider, simply operating throttle and clutch easily takes up \$9 or more. With any emergency, or even a complicated situation, he's soon over budget. Once upon a time clutch and gas pedal were even a part of learning to drive a car. I can still remember the all consuming focus to not stall the engine. On one occasion there was nothing left in my attention budget to notice the relationship between car fender and fence post as I backed out of a turnoff. Then auditory input supplemented the neglected visuals. Eventually operating a clutch, leaning into or away from a wave becomes instinctive and leaves most of our attention for other things. But I suspect that leaning into ocean waves will for me always consume a few pennies more than does leaning away from river waves.

"Muscle memory" is the term which seems to have replaced "practice makes perfect." However we put it, natural instincts acquired through training (how's that for an oxymoron?) don't happen overnight. If there's the slightest blip of thought, "point the rudder, not the tiller, where we want to go," we're still a tad behind the curve. When it came to critical braces with a paddle, whether leaning into the wave or away from the wave, my successful ones always surprised me, awareness came after the act.

As I contemplate another crossover, from paddle to sail, I realize how overdrawn my attention budget will be for some time. A new venue or just a new angle always ends up consuming an incredible amount of energy. I suppose that's why maiden voyage, rather than master's voyage, is the common phrase.

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Nor'Kopelli Camp Cruise

By Dan Rogers

Background

The legendary Jim Thayer conducted an informal group cruise on Lake Powell, Arizona, for years, known as the Koko-pelli. Launch sites, destinations, participants and weather changed, often radically, from year to year. However, the spirit of the event persists from the earliest gatherings. Travel together an agreeable distance, find an agreeable group camp site, share in a community meal at day's end, gather around a campfire for the inevitable stories. And repeat.

The Nor'Kopeli grew out of several motives. Foremost, this extraordinary annual event must go on, even though the founder has passed on. Equally important, we NEED such an event closer to the defacto boating capital here in the Pacific Northwest. And, as luck would have it, we have an extraordinary site extremely well suited to carry on the Kokopei tradition.

Location

Lake Roosevelt in central Washington State, commencing at the little town of Kettle Falls and progressing south to Spokane House at the confluence of the Spokane and Columbia Rivers. This destination is approximate, based upon a projected ten miles travelled each day over the course of the week. The campground and launch facility at Hunters, Washington, is an alternate terminus and approximately half the "full" distance.

With the exception of developed campgrounds, the entire east shore of the lake, and nearly all of the opposite shore, are undeveloped. To the east side is National Recreation Area land and Reservation land occupies the shoreline to the west. This impoundment extends from Grand Coulee Dam nearly to the Canadian border. In a week we will only see a small part of the lake. Sheltered beaching and camping sites are spaced within sight of each other. There should be no problem with finding that agreeable overnight stopping place.



Dates

We will meet for breakfast at a café to be named in Kettle Falls, at 0800, Sunday, July 26, 2015. After the intervening week on the water, we will meet the shuttle the following Saturday and retrieve tow vehicles and trailers and thence boats at the destination stop. This schedule should allow for participants to travel to the event on Friday and Saturday before rendezvous and return home Saturday/Sunday. It is also scheduled so as not to conflict with TSCA and PTPY events such as the Pocket Yacht Palooza and follow on cruise.

Launch Ramp

Launching and week long parking will be at the small marina and campground at Kettle Falls. Particulars and fees will be announced later.



Activities

As a camp cruise, the "main event" will be the daily movement by water from campsite to campsite. Any boat capable of transporting crew and gear approximately ten miles per day should be suitable. Kayaks should be quite satisfactory. Beachable sail-

boats and power boats will be ideal. Anchorage is normally quite satisfactory, with a mud bottom and gradual beaches. Swimming is a regular activity.

Food and Shelter

Each participant shall provide his/her own food, cooking and camping equipment and, of course, boat. There are several resupply options en route. But the basic idea is to be off the grid for a week. However, one of the traditions of the Koko is for (as much as possible) each boat/family, etc, to be responsible for preparing one evening meal for the entire company during the week. This has several desirable outcomes and, assuming enough participants, we will organize a similar arrangement.

Local Knowledge

Lake Roosevelt is the backed up Columbia River, controlled by Grand Coulee Dam. When the dam is "open" there will be a noticeable current. Nothing navigationally dangerous, but it does constitute a small boost, especially to human powered vessels. The prevailing winds come from the south, or against the current. Wind patterns in the summer can vary radically. This means a couple of things.

During storm conditions the wind opposed to current can bring up a pretty substantial sea state. Your vessel and crew must be capable of handling windy conditions in open water. However, the nature of the shoreline allows for seeking refuge virtually anywhere along the route.

This event was deliberately scheduled during the most likely period of ideal weather of the entire year. That can mean hot and calm. Sun protection and auxiliary power are near essential.

RSVP

Please email your intentions (even hopes) to attend to DanAshore@conceptcable.com. As we get closer to the event I will contact you individually and confirm that your expectations meld with the planned evolution.





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Most of these photos were taken in September, with lower water levels present than we anticipate in July.





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Sea-Boats, Oars and Sails

By Conor O'Brien

Sail and Oar

By Ernest Dade
Both reissued by Lodestar Books
London: 2013

Reviewed by John Nystrom

This review poses something of a problem and has taken several forms, all scrapped and restarted. There are several course changes called for in this dual review and no logical way to plot an agenda. Neither of these books has been in print for some time and are not well known on this western side of the Atlantic. British publisher Lodestar Books proclaims (on their website) that they are publishers of "New and Neglected Nautical Writing." And so they are. Lodestar's website (<http://lodestarbooks.com/>) shows a small British publisher of nautical titles, mostly reprints, but also an interesting selection of new titles. I sent an email, as yet unanswered, asking about American distribution.

While I was fumbling over rewrites of this review, I found that both *Wooden Boat* magazine's Wooden Boat Store and *Small Craft Advisor's* Small Craft Library have O'Brien's book and at least three other Lodestar titles available in their virtual stores. If you don't use e-commerce, either vendor will take orders over the phone or by mail order. I found *Sail and Oar* available from Amazon.com at very reasonable cost but, of course, first try to order anything that catches your fancy on Lodestar's website or at your local book seller. The bookstore experience is one that I would not like to see disappear into the electronic virtual ether.

This brings up, for those who love books as opposed to just enjoying the contents of those books, the almost sensual experience brought on by just the physical substance of these two books. These books were produced by people who love a truly good book. Though soft covered, both of these volumes are finer than any hard-cover book, short of very good art books. The bindings are sewn and not just glued together. There won't be any losing pages. The books can be opened fully to read or admire the photography and illustrations and never crack the binding. The paper is bookwove, which is wonderful visually, it takes lithography, both print and line drawings, and black and white photography, crisply, without that harsh over bright white seen in what is claimed to be "better" books.

The books ARE lithography rather than the digital printing, hard on the eyes seen so often in lower volume printing nowadays. The covers are a laminated card stock with end flaps that makes for an attractive cover, capable of preserving the end flap prose that is disappearing from softbound publication. The tactile feel of these books has to be experienced to be believed, just incredible for such reasonably priced volumes. Even the typeface, Matthew Butterick's Equity, is a delight. Enough of my book fetish, suffice it to say, I could enjoy these books even if I didn't love the contents. So what are these two about?



Book Reviews

I had never heard of either book before our esteemed editor offered both of these up. My understanding now is that they are both long unavailable classics of British nautical writing and artwork. Ernest Dade (1864-1935) was a marine artist of note in his day, educated under no less than Albert Strange. *Sail and Oar* reproduces nearly 100 pen and ink drawings that preserve the memory of the North Seas fisherman before the advent of steam and motor power drove sails and oars on the fishing grounds into the dust of history.

The art in itself is beautiful, but I wish I could have had this book a couple of years ago when I was reading on fishing boats of that era. Suddenly much of what I read then or even observed in old photographs of the period, became clear in his illustrations and captions. As a postscript the publisher adds photographs and story of the sailing coble *Three Brothers* and her restorers, the Bridlington Sailing Coble Preservation Society (www.bridsailingcoble.org.uk).

The original preface to the book, by Peter Anson, a founding member of the Royal Society of Marine Artists, claims that, "No marine library will be complete without a copy of this volume on its shelves, for the Yorkshire fishing coble and the Yorkshire fishing smack of the past century were among the finest examples of English seagoing craft ever devised and none more fitting for the rugged coast to which they belonged or for the stormy seas on which they used to sail." As the foreword states, "It is a record of things passed away." You will seldom find a book of artwork that is both wonderful art, instructive illustration and insightful captioning that is a reward to read.

I am now going to state for the record that I find 90% of the books written on boats and sailing to be about things in which I have little interest. That kind of attitude may be why a tiny minority of boaters are attracted to *MAIB* and the like. Conor O'Brien seems to have the same sort of attitude. And Conor was a character. His biography lists him as the son of Irish aristocracy, intellectual, architect, mountaineer, Republican gunrunner, naval reserve officer, fisheries inspector, yacht designer, circumnavigator, merchant marine captain, sailing writer and novelist. And I thought I had an interesting resume.

O'Brien is insistent on his disdain for the "racing dinghy" and his insistence on pursuit of the seaworthy ordinary boat. He rails against pleasure boats driven by "design changes at the caprice of fashions which follow racing practice, vaguely and often unintelligently, nothing needs debunking more than the yachting and boating business." He warns ahead of time, "This book of mine is frankly unorthodox." Much of what he admits is unorthodox, we here would find perfectly acceptable, such as lug and sprit sails. Some

of what he advocates, like home building a boat with carvel planking, just isn't going to happen for most of us. His advocacy of skin on frame construction for dinghies now seems ahead of its time.

So what is the value of a boating and sailing book published in 1941, even if the original publisher was Oxford University Press? In a foreword written for this printing, Sam Llewellyn, a nautical writer and publisher on the eastern side of the Atlantic, points out that, "he is just as much a victim of his sea dreams as anyone who is likely to shell out for this book." The foreword closes with, "The truth is this, books about the joys of building and sailing simple but perfect boats can never grow stale. Cruising small boats under sail and oar is always (weather permitting) a delight. And when the weather is horrible and the boat is in the garage, thinking about sailing them is another."

O'Brien's original illustrations of boats, rigging, mooring and other details he references in the text are just about worth the price of the book alone. To illustrate the kind of seaworthy small craft the author is advocating, the book is illustrated with photos and line drawings of an example of *Ilur*, a small lugger designed by Francois Vivier. Is there anything else I could add to this review to convince you that one or both of these would be great winter reading?

Buckrammer's Tales

Continuing Catboat Summers Adventures

By John E. Conway
AuthorHouse, Bloomington, Indiana, 2014

Reviewed by John Nystrom

As advertised in the subtitle, *The Continuing Catboat Summers Adventures*, this is more or less Volume 2 of Conway's *Catboat Summers*. That isn't to say, "Ho hum, more of the same," that's to say, "ALL RIGHT, More of the SAME!" The standard is pretty high here. To quote my review of the first book, "This is the best book I have ever read on family boating."

You don't have to read *Catboat Summers* to read this one, but combining the two only lengthens the fun. Those of you who own the first title are likely to reread it, either before or after reading this one. This story continues from the 2003 publication date through 2011 with more great gunkholing, bad decisions and close calls, pirate voyages, perfect family cruises (enjoyment, even when everything wasn't as planned) and even another of Conway's obligatory ghost stories and a tale of buried treasure.

The title page bears the imprimatur of The Catboat Association, so their arrangement with the identified publisher is likely just a printing deal. Although *Catboat Summers* can be ordered from the Catboat Association (which I would assume helps support their organization), I didn't see *Buckrammer's Tales* listed on their publications page. Anyone with the Association able to tell us if we'll be able to order this one from them?

To sum it up, this book is every bit as good as the first and heartily recommended. If you can't be out messing around, reading about it is the next best thing.

The Little Blue Book of Sailing Wisdom

Edited by Stephen Brennan
Skyhorse Publishing, New York 2014
Reviewed by John Nystrom

Years ago people would carry small volumes of poetry and verse, scripture and psalms, or the like, to be read at the convenient free moment. (Pocketbook isn't just a term for a woman's purse, mostly used on the East Coast. It really did refer to a book that could be carried in a pocket.) Pocketbooks were once a serious publishing option but are now mostly the realm of inexpensive paperbacks. The two most printed books in history, the *Gideon Society Pocket Bible* and Chairman Mao's *Little Red Book*, are both pocket sized editions. Now sailors and other nautically afflicted types have got their own hard-bound pocket edition to carry around, *The Little Blue Book of Sailing Wisdom*.

I wish I had done this review before Christmas so that our astute readers could have had the option of a perfect gift for anyone not allergic to water. Oh well, keep this one in mind for the upcoming year. It isn't necessary to have a command of sailing terms ancient and modern, a "Sailor's Glossary," pinched from no less an authority than Richard Henry Dana, is included along with "Rules of the Road" for both power and sail vessels rendered in verse to aid memory.

The author is widely read and is one of us, he didn't just cut and paste a bunch of googled quotes. To summarize the contents, let me steal a paragraph from the author's introduction:

"In all our literature, writings about the sea may be said to be the best pedigree. Just consider the authorial DNA here on offer: Joseph Conrad, Ernest Hemingway, Henry Thoreau, Jack Kerouac, William Shakespeare, Samuel Johnson and Sterling Hayden: the poets; John Masefield, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Walt Whitman, Alfred Tennyson and Gerard Manley Hopkins: the single handers and explorers; Francis Chichester, Joshua Slocum, Tristan Jones and Sir Francis Drake and many more. A number of our founding epics also feature sea lit, Homer's *Odyssey* may be said to be a tale of the wanderings of a sailing man and even the *Holy Bible* is shot through with sailing stories. But my own guilty secret is that I love the aphorisms best that concern the how to's of ship handling, sailing, and sea lore."

This one, then, is a keeper. Read 'er strait through, digest a bit at a time, cruise the index or just pick and choose, it all seems good. Even non sailors can enjoy, "A sure cure for seasickness is to sit under a tree" (Spike Milligan, pg 2).

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At the Point of a Cutlass

By Gregory N. Flemming
Reviewed by Anne Westlund

This is the book that I thought I wouldn't like very much. Of the three sent to me by *MAIB*, this one had the least appeal for many reasons, namely, 1) pirates are currently a very popular subject so the book might just repeat what I've already heard or read about, 2) the book focuses upon one special pirate who was captured, escaped and was lonely in exile, 3) the book appeared to attempt to sensationalize or glorify pirates in general and especially Philip Ashton about whom the book was written.

It turned out I was wrong in many ways. There was much to be learned about the "pirate trade" and lives of the men and women who went a'pirating. And, although Phillip Ashton is the focus of the book's story, it also deals with many other pirates, some of whom were very famous at the time they lived and since. Plus, the book did not sensationalize pirates and their activities. It brought to life the times they lived in, what they did and why, plus displaying their personalities. It became easier to imagine the times they lived in, what the odors were, the foods, the habits, the clothing and the activities in many details.

The book is the "true story of Philip Ashton a 19 year old fisherman who was captured by pirates, impressed as a crewman, subjected to torture and hardship, who eventually escaped and lived as a castaway and scavenger on a deserted island in the Caribbean" (taken from the book's back cover). It is thought that Ashton's story was the basis for Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*.

Ashton left an account of his life in 1725 upon which the current book is based.

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It is a vivid account of a life "vile, brutal and short." There is much about the ships and lives aboard in this book and for that reason it held my interest throughout. As an example, I never knew before about the islands in Boston's harbor that were graveyards for dead pirates who had been hung by the local church fathers back in the late 1600s and early 1700s. The times were rough and mean for anyone thought to be a pirate. Evidence and proof were in short supply in the courts but punishment was gross and in large supply. Maybe that is where the phrase, "the quick and dead" comes from!

Ashton did extensive research into his subject and documented his results, including them in the end notes of the book. They are worth reading through, also. Men who were forced to become pirates were often hung when they returned to places like Boston, regardless of the reasons these men and some women may have acted as pirates.

The book is well researched, clearly written and interesting throughout. I'm happy to have had a chance to read it and enjoyed it during the reading time. It is not a large book and my copy was paperback library edition in an uncorrected proof copy. There are 12 pages of black and white illustrations, many of which are historical and include some maps of the period.

Thanks to *MAIB* for the chance to review this book. I plan to donate it to the Great Lakes Boatbuilding School in Cedarville, Michigan.

Building Skin-on-Frame Double Paddle Canoes



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Founded in 1997, *Good Old Boat* magazine has just passed a milestone worth celebrating, the publication of its 100th issue. Now in its 18th year, the national magazine for do it yourself sailors that was founded by a sailing couple has withstood the test of time.

"The idea occurred to us in 1997 where our best ideas always originate, on the boat while cruising," says founding editor Karen Larson. "We envisioned a magazine that could unite the owners of cruising sailboats like ours, older boats, wonderful boats, well loved and frequently sailed boats." And so *Good Old Boat* magazine was born for sailors who own, maintain, sail and love terrific fiberglass sailboats from the 1950s, 1960s, 1970s, 1980s, 1990s, 2000s and into the present.

"Once people start doing any maintenance on their own sailboat, no matter how new it is, it's a good old boat as far as we're concerned," adds Jerry Powlas, co founder and technical editor. "Our magazine is here to help the owners of new boats, whether they are going to paint the bottom, winterize and tarp or add equipment, and the owners of older boats with all projects large and small."

In the beginning Karen and Jerry agreed to publish only six issues a year so they'd still have time to sail. "We interviewed other sailing editors and publishers before we started our magazine," Jerry points out. "At least one told us that their boat had been on stands for more than five years as they focused all their energy on the growth and development of their magazine. I vowed that was not going to happen to us. And it hasn't."

Not every original vow and promise was kept. Karen and Jerry initially planned to publish a magazine without advertising in an effort to keep things simple. That idea died by the third issue when *Good Old Boat* readers asked for advertising from the vendors who supply parts and equipment needed by owners of traditional fiberglass sailboats. This was particularly important since the manufacturers of most good old boats were no longer in business.

Nevertheless, *Good Old Boat* was set up as, and continues to be, a subscriber supported publication. Subscription income pays for

Good Old Boat Publishes its 100th Issue



the articles, editing and most other expenses. Advertising is not as prominent as it is in most larger sailing magazines and provides a much smaller percentage of the company revenue. Newsstand sales have also contributed in the past but this income is decreasing as newsstands are slowly dying out.

The founders also intended to structure their business as a mom and pop operation, but it soon grew beyond the capabilities of the twosome. Karen says, "Jerry looked up one day and said, 'Honey, we have a tiger by the tail.' We realized that as our subscriber list grew, we needed help managing the database, accounting, magazine layout and design and a whole lot more. We hired people who were better than we were at those jobs and never looked back." These days it takes about a dozen people, some who are full time employees and some who work part time as freelancers, to make a magazine. Since the

publication cycle for each issue is nearly two months long, they occasionally wonder how the monthly publications manage it.

There is no *Good Old Boat* headquarters office building. Jerry describes the operation as a "virtual company." The production crew lives all over North America and work at computers in their homes. They are linked by email and servers. The final files travel electronically to a printer in Kentucky.

The magazine's website, www.GoodOldBoat.com, offers a wide variety of resources for sailors at no charge. Among these are the largest list of sailboat associations and informal sailboat user groups in the world, a vast searchable database of marine suppliers, a treasury of sail insignia and cove stripes used when walking a dock or out on the water to help identify boat manufacturers, a listing of free and inexpensive (available for less than \$5000) sailboats, classified ads, parts catalogs and more.

In addition to publishing six annual issues of the magazine and six annual issues of a newsletter for subscribers, the company has also produced more than a dozen audio-book titles featuring sailing classics along with newer fare, www.AudioSeaStories.com. This downloads site also sells all the magazine back issues and other sailing content as PDF downloads. A few music downloads are also offered there.

As the number of issues published by *Good Old Boat* continues to grow, subscribers appreciate the online database of all articles published since the premier issue in June, 1998. "I don't believe any other sailing magazine indexes all articles for easy reference," Karen says. "All our boat projects, boat reviews and every other article (even our letters to the editor) that have been published in 100 issues (and growing) are indexed for future reference. Since all back issues can be purchased as downloads, these articles are always available. This index and the content we have published over the years have become our greatest contribution to sailors everywhere." That thought gives a couple of good old magazine founders a great deal of pride.

Capt Mike Rutstein is familiar to boaters along the North Shore of Massachusetts as the owner and operator of the Chebacco schooner *Fame*, a full scale replica of the first American privateer to capture a prize during the War of 1812.

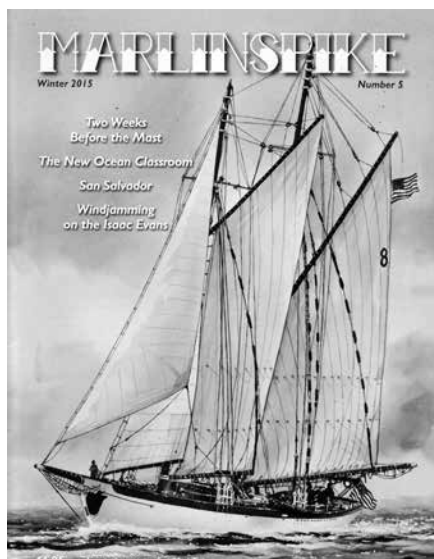
The oak on oak *Fame* was built in 2003 by Harold Burnham of Essex. Nowadays she offers public sails, private sails and her popular Schooner Camp program out of her traditional homeport of Salem, Massachusetts.

However, Capt Mike got his start in the publishing business, making and selling his own magazine about the Boston Red Sox, *Boston Baseball* and selling it outside Fenway Park. His latest publication is *Marlinspike*, a glossy quarterly magazine devoted to traditional sailing vessels and sail training.

Launched last year at the Tall Ships America conference in San Diego, the magazine has been a hit with the traditional sailing community. Tall Ships America, the clearing-house organization for sail training in the US as well as the annual Tall Ships Challenge, has embraced the magazine, providing subscriptions to all its members.

"There's a great story in every one of these ships, in every member of their crews,

Marlinspike New Magazine is Devoted to Tall Ships and Sail Training



and in every one of their programs," says Capt Mike, just back from this year's Tall Ships America conference in Philadelphia. "That's what *Marlinspike* is all about, telling those stories."

Recent issues have covered the difficulties faced by Ocean Classroom Foundation, operators of such sail training icons as *Harvey Gamage*, *Spirit of Massachusetts* and *Westward*, the ongoing construction of exciting new vessels such as *San Salvador*, *Matthew Turner*, *Oliver Hazard Perry* and *Virginia*, and successful sail training operations aboard both big boats (*Sultana*) and small ones (Sea School, which might be better named *Messing About* in Nova Scotia).

Regular features include a listing of tall-ship sailing opportunities open to the public. There's also a calendar of maritime events, job listings and pages where tall ships sailors can share their spikes and tattoos!

Those interested can subscribe (the more cautious can order a sample copy) online at MarlinspikeMagazine.com or by writing to *Marlinspike* at 73 Middleton Rd, Boxford, MA 01921. A year's subscription is \$25 and a two year subscription just \$40. The magazine is also on Facebook and Twitter, if you swing that way.

A sailor dreams of the boats he actually owned and boats that he wishes he will own. The latter are sailed in his musings and sometimes become reality. The former actually get sailed and have real stories attached to them. Sometimes the fantasy boats actually end up theirs. This is about the real ones, some of which were once fantasies, that have graced our life on the water and trace the arc of a joyful life.

First Boat

The first sailboat is the one Dad taught me to sail on. It was a turquoise blue home-built 15' inland scow. The plans likely came from an ad in *Rudder* magazine and I vaguely remember my father building it in the garage. It was built with ordinary pine and plywood and was cat rigged with a huge main. The mast was constructed using a sliding gunter rig so that it could be made from bannister rails. I do remember that the centerboard was cut from iron plate at a metal shop near our home. The sail was custom made, I suspect at a sail loft in Chicago. I'm sure my father was proud the day he finished it.

Over its life the *We Three* sailed on inland lakes in western Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois. It spent a couple of weeks each summer on Silver Lake nears Mears, Michigan, for many years. My father sailed it with a pipe in his mouth and a straw cap on his head. Given its scow design and large main, it sailed like a bat out of hell and was supremely stable. I learned to sail on that boat. I was taught how to trim the sails on all points of sail, tack and bring the boat into the wind to stop by my dad. My sailing education was supplemented by hours pouring over *Royce's Sailing Illustrated*, a well worn copy that I still have.

I can still remember the hum that the centerboard line made when the boat was on its lines and making good time. What a sound. That boat was one pin of a strong bond between me and my dad and sailing and subsequent boats gave us plenty of fodder for conversation over a beer.

The *We Three* lasted from when I was eight or nine (pictures at the tiller prove this) until I was 18 or so. When I was in high school it proved to be a fine basis for some dates on the water and proved to the girls that a non athletic guy knew how to do something cool most of the other guys did not.

I do not know what happened to the *We Three* but it had to involve rot as there wasn't a scrap of marine grade plywood in the hull.

Second Boat

After that first boat, years passed, college and marriage happened and our first child came along, a joyous and life changing event. But the itch was there. Limited finances dictated that the next sailboat also be homebuilt. Limited skills and this being the first boat of our own, simplicity was required. It also needed to fit on the roof of a puke green Ford Pinto station wagon.

I built it in the garage of our first house about 1975 from plans purchased through *Family Circle Magazine*, "Build This Boat Yourself!" Interestingly, it was another flat bottomed scow of sorts. Built from 1/4" plywood, it had swinging dagger boards to keep construction simple. The mast and boom were jury rigged and made of PVC pipe with a 2"x2" inside it for stiffness. The aluminum mast called for in the plans was too expensive. The sail was made of visqueen and

Sailboats and Life

By Dave Peterson

bonded together with duct tape. I think the whole boat cost about \$100.

Although it doesn't sound like it would be, it was pretty fast and the super bendy mast spilled excess wind in a blow. Painted red with yellow and white accents, this one took my wife, me and our first daughter on some fine sailing adventures, again largely on sand bottomed lakes in western Michigan. When we bought boat #3, we left this one at friend's small pond and its construction pine hull soon rotted and it went to the junk pile.

Third Boat

The third boat was our first one design, a rescued fiberglass Penguin bought for \$350 with two partners, my dad and my best friend, to make sure it fit into a still limited family budget. Originally built in the '50s or '60s, it had somehow made its way to the Chicago suburbs from Massachusetts. It had two sets of stretched out sails and a steel trailer that weighed a ton and had a crooked tongue. It had the original wooden mast and boom which were revarnished and new rigging was installed. After much sanding and patching, the Penguin was repainted bright red and was christened *Mister Boat* (a long story). It was a glorious vessel that could hold me, my wife and our expanding family. Eventually we sandwiched two adults and three small children into it and again sailed the same west Michigan lakes as well as numerous puddles in Illinois.

When not transporting the entire family on a trip to the Silver Lake dunes, I would sail it by myself in brisk afternoon winds and could sometimes plane it on a broad reach. What a thrill! It served us well as well for many years and actually overlapped with boat #4. When #4 came along, *Mister Boat* was stored in my father's garage and was finally donated to a Penguin Fleet in the Chicago area who towed it away. I hope it's still sailing.

Fourth Boat

Kids grow up, graduate from college, get jobs enabling their parents to plan bigger budgets to buy summer homes and boats to go with them. They also allow us to pursue some of those fantasy boats and #4 fits that bill. So happened the purchase of a gorgeous green Sea Pearl from a fellow messer who had cared for her lovingly. The Sea Pearl was that fantasy boat, long looked at but rarely imagined in reality. We got lucky and found an ad in *Messing About* and bought her from a couple less than 50 miles from our new home in Michigan.

Simple to rig, fun to sail and a head turner on the water, the *Nan 'N Me* plied the waters of Lake Michigan and Pentwater Lake. Our kids, now parents themselves, got to sail on the Pearl and we became a fixture on Pentwater Lake. We not only sailed with our three children but their spouses as well. The *Nan 'N Me* was a wonderful sailboat, suited for our need for simplicity and beauty, and I regret that we sold her to get boat #5.

We sold her to a nice but rather flaky pediatrician. I contacted him later to find out how the boat was and he informed me (guiltily) that he had turned her turtle in a blow, lost the entire rig and floorboards and that the hull was in his yard on the trailer. He claimed he was going to rerig her but I don't know if that happened. We should never have sold her.

Fifth Boat

Only with us two years, this West Wight Potter 19 was on the list of "must have" boats driven by fantasies of North channel cruises and pleasant overnight anchorages. While a fun boat to own and sail, the cruises didn't happen and the hassles of rigging and launching a sloop rigged boat soon sent this one to an eager buyer. While one of those fantasy boats, this one just wasn't the boat for us. I'm not sure we even ever settled on a name for her. We sold her to a neighbor to the north and he provided her a good new homeport.

Sixth Boat

Life circles around and we're back to a homebuilt, this one from a kit. It's a CLC Northeast Dory. This choice was driven by a desire return to simplicity (lug rig and 250lbs) and something that can get in the water in ten or less minutes. It will sail the same inland waters as all the other boats. Several more coats of varnish and we get to see if floats and sails on its lines. Perhaps I'll be able to teach my grandchildren to sail on this one.

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1000 Islands

By Capt Kent Lacey



Old port towns along the waterway have breakfast restaurants that open early, diners that serve thick coffee and leave certain tables reserved for the town regulars who religiously appear at their appointed time every morning, each to their own seat. The waitress takes no orders, but nevertheless hot beverage and food is served and consumed. Conversations are sparse and conducted in hushed tones. Homemade bread is baked fresh each day inhouse. Such a port town is Clayton, New York, on the St Lawrence River.

We nautical wayfarers, mariners from afar, in town only for a week of exploring the St Lawrence Seaway, leave the café with appetite satiated and ready for whatever the weather and winds gods throw at us. First onto the docks at the Museum, the clear plastic curtains are removed from around the canopy of the 23' launch *Black Eagle*. Remnants of yesterday's fire are shoveled off the grate and into an old tin pail. Softwood is laid on the grates and topped with some thin pieces of oak and a splash of Boy Scout fluid covers all. A wooden match flares and warmth begins to drive away the onboard damp chills from the river's surface. As the hardwood turns to red embers a few shovelfuls of soft coal are added gently atop the fire. Soon the water in the boiler begins to gurgle. In 15 minutes the needle of the pressure gauge will lift off the pin and slowly wind its way to 100psi.

Next the overnight river dew is wiped from the fore and aft decks. The cabin sole is scrubbed free of from yesterday's traces of oil, wood chips and coal dust. The engineer then wipes down the columns, rods, eccentrics and bearing caps on the 6hp steam engine. The oilers are topped off for a day of cruising and the coal bunkers are refilled. As the sun lifts free of the tree tops other steam engineers are walking down the long dock, ready to perform similar customs aboard boats with names like *Catawissa*, *Reciproca*, *Flying Cloud*, *Saucey*, *Iron Butterfly* and *Zephyr*. Soon the faint smell of wood smoke and sulphury coal will be noticeable, generating nostalgic memories of the 1940s and 1950s when steam power was not uncommon in any town with a railroad or factory.

As the boiler pressure builds above 50psi the drains are opened on engine cylinders and valve boxes while live steam is slowly bled into the cold iron machinery. When the process of warming up the steam engine until no further condensate emits from the drains is complete, the engine is slowly rolled over so that the piston can force out any remaining water. Steam flow is increased through the throttle valve and the engine adds rpms with the prop pushing water astern and the dock lines coming taut. Drains are closed, rpms reduced and the boat is now alive. Fire doors are closed to maintain a small, quiet burning while at the dock. Time to test the whistle with a soft "toot toot" letting the other steamboat captains know that steam is up and the engineer is ready to answer bells.

Now we wait for various crewmembers to show up with coolers of food and beverage, sunscreen and layers of clothing, and then we are departing for the 15 mile trip to Boldt's Castle. The fleet will travel at a top speed of 5kts along the shoreline, with enough whistle blasts to entertain the folks living nearby. Meeting lake freighters in narrow channels can be exciting and while their wakes appear modest in the deeper water, as those wakes roll into shallower waters they bounce off the bottom and become quite a challenge to smaller boats. Many freighter captains will give the steam boat fleet a Great Lakes greeting of a long and two short blasts on their massive air horns. Tomorrow we may cruise to Canada, isn't that grand!

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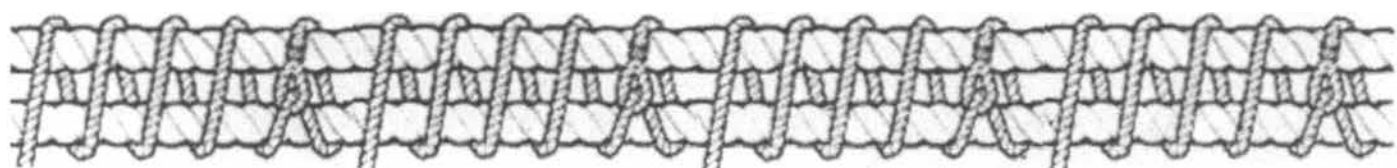
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Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum Boatshop Manager Michael Gorman, along with his apprentices and volunteers, have hauled out the 1889 nine log bottom bug-eye *Edna E. Lockwood* this past winter to make room for the National Park Service to laser scan and photograph the historic boat's log hull. The information is being put together by NPS's Heritage Documentation Programs to document the different parts of the hull and how they come together as a greater whole. The project is part of the Historic American Engineering Record (HAER) Maritime Documentation Program, with the produced measured drawings added to the HABS/HAER/HALS Collection in The Library of Congress to document the last working oyster boat of her kind.



Todd Croteau, from the National Park Service's Heritage Documentation Programs, takes the lines off the *Edna E. Lockwood* through photogrammetry and laser technologies.

For CBMM, the information gained will be turned into a 3D model to aid museum shipwrights and apprentices in the restoration

NPS Surveys Log Bottom Bug-eye *Edna E. Lockwood* Modern Technology Meets Historic Sailing Workboat



Edna E. Lockwood, the queen of the fleet at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, being prepared for a major restoration, which will begin in late 2015.

of the *Edna E. Lockwood*. The nine logs making up the historic bug-eye's hull are in need of replacement, with the restoration project planned to begin in late 2015, with all work done in full public view at the museum in St Michaels, Maryland.

Just as Native American dugout canoes were formed by carving out one log, this bug-

eye's hull is constructed of a series of pinned logs shaped and hollowed out as a unit.

In 1889, at the age of 24, John B. Harrison of Tilghman Island built the *Edna E. Lockwood*, the seventh of 18 bug-eyes he was to build. Harrison also built the log canoes *Flying Cloud* and *Jay Dee*. Built for Daniel W. Haddaway of Tilghman Island, *Edna E. Lockwood* dredged for oysters through winter and carried freight such as lumber, grain and produce after the dredging season ended. She worked faithfully for many owners, mainly out of Cambridge, Maryland, until she stopped "drudging" in 1967. In 1973 *Edna* was donated to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum by John R. Kimberly. Recognized as the last working oyster boat of her kind, the *Edna E. Lockwood* was declared a National Historic Landmark in 1994.



The museum continues to look for help in sourcing the southern yellow pine logs required to begin replacing *Edna's* log bottom. Twelve logs measuring 52' in length and 3-4' in diameter are needed.

To see video of the NPS at work on the *Edna E. Lockwood*, visit www.bit.ly/Edna_NPS. For more information on the *Edna E. Lockwood*, visit www.cbmm.org.

The story of the evolving relationship between the people and swans of the Chesapeake Bay will be told through a curated collection of decoys, photographs and artifacts in a new exhibition at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum. "Chesapeake Swan Song: From Commodity to Conservation," will open Saturday, April 1, 2015, and continue through April 3, 2016. Entry is free for CBMM members or with general museum admission. The exhibition is generously sponsored by Guyette & Deeter, the world's leading decoy auction firm, Judy and Henry Stansbury and Gourmet by the Bay in St Michaels, Maryland.

Over the last 150 years the population and perception of swans has dramatically changed within the Chesapeake region. These magnificent waterfowl, today valued for their aesthetic beauty and rarity, were once part of the bay's commercial harvest. Hunted for sport, food and feathers, the Chesapeake's plummeting swan population was protected by the Federal Migratory Bird Treaty Act of 1918. Since then, the Bay's swans have become treasured ornaments, inspiring artists, bird watchers and photographers. They have also become a source of controversy, provoking bitter debate in the early 21st century as the State of Maryland sought to control the proliferating population of invasive mute swans.

For thousands of years, two native swan species, tundra and trumpeter, have migrated from the Arctic to the protected coves of the Chesapeake Bay. Flying south in white wedges, their arrival signified sus-

Chesapeake Swan Song Exhibition Opens April 11



Decoys like this Barnes/Holly example will be joined by other examples from around the bay.

tenance for the bay's native tribes and later for the colonists who scratched out a living along the bay's tributaries. In the 19th century, equipped with accurate, inexpensive firearms, hunters harvested more swans than ever before, shipping birds to Baltimore for fancy suppers. The snowy white feathers were in high demand in New York

and London, where they were used to decorate women's hats and made into powder puffs and foamy slippers. To entice the birds within range, carvers throughout the Chesapeake crafted huge swan decoys, from crude to elaborate, that mimicked swans feeding, swimming and preening.

Swans, huge and elegant, have come to represent our evolving ideas regarding the Chesapeake environment. From a source of sustenance to a driver of mass harvest, a creature of conservation to a provocative invasive, swans convey the changing story of the Chesapeake's hunting culture.

Chesapeake Swan Song explores this interwoven story of swans and people on the Chesapeake Bay through a selection of swan decoys, artifacts and ephemera from the 19th and 20th centuries.

For more information, visit www.cbmm.org or call (410) 745-2916.



Two boys ca 1910 with swan hunted in the Easton, Maryland, area, from the collection of C. John Sullivan

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We'll Never Fall in Love Again!

The Education of First-Time Boat Owners

Buying a boat is a little like getting married. One has rational expectations and specifications for Mr. or Miss Right, or the optimum boat. Then along comes something quite otherwise, and blooie!

Your friends and relatives plead with you, remind you of how sensibly you first set about your quest, point out the gap between your aspiration and your infatuation. Their clear-eyed insight notes the faults your love-blinded eyes can't see, or gloss over. The outwardly unsuitable object of your desire totally has your heart and mind. Down the road may lie disaster or bliss, only time will tell, but right now you couldn't care less. You've got to have her, nothing else matters.

So it was when we went to buy a boat. Indeed, we hadn't really meant to buy a boat, we were just browsing. But we'd done some homework. We'd cruised the boat shows, poked about a couple of yards and marinas, read some magazines, got on some mailing lists. We had an excellent idea of what we would buy if we ever actually did. It had to be a cruising sailboat (I'd spent my formative years in Marblehead, Massachusetts, long ago, and there learned to sail). Thirty feet because anything smaller would lack an enclosed head, multiple cabins, suitable galley for

the 5'7" Owner, and not least, ample headroom for the 6'1" Crew. It should have a diesel and wheel. There should no doubt have been lots of other items in the specification, but no amount of homework prepares one for the real world.

Circumstances conspired to make concrete what had been a pleasant, "Wouldn't it be nice..." conversation piece. In April, 1987, a dear but contemporary friend died after a five-year bout with cancer. A man of humor who never lost it to the last breath, he'd had no fun for many, many years. On the way home from the memorial service in Easthampton, Long Island, we stopped in Huntington just to look at the boatyard that had been sending us flyers ever since we stopped by their booth at the New York Boat Show that January. We didn't mean to buy, just look. But, intimations of mortality had us more than primed.

A charming, attractive, white-haired woman took us in tow. The broker was a boat owner herself whose clipping-papered office walls attested to her determination to keep sailing after her husband's untimely death.

We told Mary the specifications we had so carefully worked out and the price we would consider, between \$20,000 and \$30,000, depending. What the heck! If you're only browsing it does no harm to look

and you can throw numbers around as if they were real.

At that moment on a sunny Sunday afternoon in late April, these cliff dwellers had no idea what it actually cost to buy and own a boat. Down payments, financing, interest rates, insurance, docking and storage charges, etc., etc., etc., were unknowns. But we did know from the literature that boats to our specifications in our price range abounded.

Mary looked in her book and found a dozen or so suitable boats. We'd sort of hoped she wouldn't and we felt guilty about wasting her time. But we trudged behind her into a yard filled almost entirely with sailboats. All around were owners at spring fitting out. The smell of paint, the buzz of sanders, were heavy in the April air. Beer cans littered the ground around every work site.

The ambiance was intoxicating; our resistance weakening. But even if Mary and the atmosphere crumbled our successive barriers to boat ownership, we had in reserve an insuperable one, no money. We had with us neither check nor cash.

We clambered on ladders and looked inside boats with teak and holly soles, with carpeting, with plastic headliners, with the kind of plush one associates with second-rate restaurants aspiring to be first-rate, but not knowing how,



"Yeraz" as we first saw her at the yard. Note blade rudder in bracket; swing-up hatches, heavy and sturdy; instrument bezels port and starboard. She's on a low wooden cradle with keel retracted. This is what we fell in love with.

with light wood paneling, dark wood paneling, oil lamps, gas heaters, stoves, heads and showers. All, of course, had diesels and wheel steering.

From the cockpit of the umpteenth not-quite-right boat, something long and sleek hiding in the weeds on a low cradle caught my eye. "What's that?" I cried, smitten. Mary mumbled something vaguely discouraging. We wanted a closer look. On first glance she was lovely. And first glance, unfortunately, is what unreasoning love is all about.

A broad green stripe accentuated the white vessel's graceful sheer. The matching boot stripe made the overall effect longer and sleeker. From her flat stern hung a large blade rudder in a bracket. She had a nice rake to the bow, a fine entry and exit, like a good pulling boat. One could easily imagine her gliding easily under a single pair of sweeps. The swing keel was not visible, hence her closeness to the ground in the low cradle.

The distinguishing feature, however, was the center cockpit, not unusual in larger vessels but rare in one of this size. The two cabin coach tops were well done and in keeping with the gracefulness of the rest of the boat. The potential for more privacy in this design, compared with the many "railroad flat" interiors we had seen, won us as much as did the unique, interesting appearance. The old adage that an "interesting" house or apartment is a troublesome one, escaped us.

"What is it?" we asked Mary. She consulted her book.

"A Dawson 26."

"How much?" we asked.

"\$14,000," she said.

"Only \$14,000," we thought, less than half we were prepared to go to if push came to shove. We concealed our glee.

"Swing keel, shoal draft, built by the Dawson Yacht Company in Las Vegas, Nevada, in 1976," read Mary from her book. "New Sobstad sails and Hood furler last year. Yanmar 8hp diesel. Trailer-able."

We later learned that some 300 of these boats were built under four manufacturers, starting in 1974. First at Dawson, then a few by a Florida builder, still later as Parker/Dawson by Henry F. Parker in New England, and finally by Nauset Marine in Orleans, Massachusetts, as the Nauset 26. Nauset has the molds but no plans to resume production.

We were looking at Hull # 239 which, though late in Dawson's life and production run, was essentially unchanged from the earliest models. The boats, 25'8" LOA and 8' beam, were originally shipped with matching trailers and were designed to be easily rigged and unrigged by two people.

We climbed aboard for a closer look.

The engine room ventilators were smashed. "Cheap to replace," we said. "Cosmetic".

The bottoms of both teak winch handle boxes in the cockpit coamings were worn or rotted through. "Easy to fix," we said. "Cosmetic".

The vinyl lining inside all the stowage cuddies in both cabins had come off and was lying in unsightly heaps. "Cheap to replace," we said. "Cosmetic".

Fittings fastened through the overhead had little metal plugs over the access holes. The plugs had rusted and rust streaks lined the

overhead and bulkheads. "Cheap to replace and easy to clean," we said. "Cosmetic".

There was no headlining, just nice shiny interior gelcoat. There wasn't much wood either, and what there was wouldn't pass for joinerwork, being secured with exposed screws and finish washers. The upholstery and curtains were original, and looked it. "Cheap to replace," we said. "Cosmetic".

Carpeting on the non-skid gelcoat cabin soles in both cabins looked like it had been salvaged from an ancient wreck. "Cheap to replace," we said. "Cosmetic".

We opened the engine hatch under the cockpit to find an amorphous mass of rust. "Easy to clean," we said. "Cosmetic". But, it better run or we won't buy the boat.

The commodious lazarette under the port cockpit seat revealed some neat wiring, two filthy batteries, a Gusher manual bilge pump, an electric bilge pump and a bilge blower, as well as a couple of inches of oily bilgewater. "Rain that came in through the broken ventilators and winch boxes," we reasoned.

The forward cabin bulkhead had instrument dials for depth, knotmeter/log, wind speed and wind direction and an inclinometer. Their sensors were in place. The engine control panel had a full complement of instruments. There was no stove or radio, though there was an emergency type CB radio, a full complement of oil-soaked life preservers and a flare kit.

The after cabin had a real head between the two berths, not exactly an enclosed head, but one where privacy could be had. And it wasn't a porta-potty. "What would one expect in so small a boat," we said. Oh yes, headroom. Only under the forward hatch could the Crew stand fully upright.

Two full length berths in the after cabin, a V-berth forward, and a quarter berth extending under the starboard cockpit seat made up the accommodation. The table could be moved to fill the gap between the V-berth and the quarter berth to form a large and comfortable settee or berth.

The galley is opposite the table, which seats four tightly but comfortably. Anyone under 6' can stand and work in the galley comfortably and well braced against the keel trunk or the compression post.

We looked at more boats but kept going back to the Dawson. We were in love. "We'd like to buy that boat," we said. "The price seems right," we were prepared, sort of, to pay the \$14,000 without a quibble.

A bystander enlightened us.

"Nobody pays the asking price," said the busybody. "It's customary to make an offer to the seller."

"Oh, like buying a house." We'd never bought a house, only heard about it.

"Well, yes, sort of."

"Hmmm. How about \$12,000?" we offered, tentatively.

"All right, I'll make that your formal offer and we'll pass it along to the owners. But, you know, we have to have a good faith deposit to let the owner know you're serious," Mary said. "\$1,000 ought to do it."

"But, we don't have any money or checks with us so we guess we'll have to come back again if it's still available." We hoped to escape long enough to cool down and think it over, and maybe come to our senses.

But, Mary wasn't going to let us get away that easily. "Will you take a credit card?" we asked, hoping she would and hoping she wouldn't.

"Sure."

The seller, protesting, came down to \$13,000 and we came up. Everything, of course, was subject to survey, financing and an operating engine.

We hired a surveyor, one of several whose names the broker gave us. He charged us \$260, \$10 a foot, to give the boat a generally excellent report, suggesting only that the fuel tank and forestay might be replaced and picking up on some of the obvious cosmetic things we had already noted. He also observed and certified that the engine ran. The yard charged us \$98 to start it.

The yard offered financing through a local bank with which they had an arrangement. But, the Owner, a bank officer herself, figured she could get financing through her employer. Wrong. Many banks and S&L's that advertise boat loans really are offering only consumer loans at exorbitant consumer loan rates.

We went with the broker and obtained a ten year loan at 10.99%. Since the Crew is a writer whose financial statements would cause the most go-go bank lending official to blanch, we decided that the party who was gainfully employed full time, the Crew's wife, should be the Owner.

The monthly payment would be less than we were paying the cleaning lady. We fired the cleaning lady. That made the boat the center of our social life since the apartment is no longer fit for company.

We extracted another \$200 concession from the seller on the strength of the survey report, bringing the price to \$12,800. Came the day for closing. we paid \$3,000 in cash and signed a lot of papers

to finance the balance.

"We need another three seventy-five," said the broker's cashier.

"O.K.," I said, hearing \$3.75, "is cash alright?"

"Not three seventy-five," she said, "three hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"Oh, what for?"

"Documentation. Make the check payable to Harbor Documentation Service."

Though we had never heard of documentation and had no idea what other charges might come up, we had a premonition that since the loan was called a mortgage, the closing might resemble a house closing, of which process we had heard dreadful reports. So, though we left the lawyers at home, we brought the checkbook.

It seems the bank requires documentation on vessels it finances. Never mind that documentation is limited to vessels of five gross tons or more and there's no way to make a 26'x8' boat measure five tons. Never mind also that the Coast Guard fee is \$100 and one can handle the job easily oneself, if one knows it has to be done. Everybody has to make a living. Why should the parasites stick to house closings?

So now we were the owners of a \$12,800 boat, plus tax (\$1,024), survey (\$260), engine start (\$98), documentation (\$375) and state registration (\$30). The latter nearly cost us another \$1,100 because the New York City registration people refused to believe that we had already paid the sales tax in Huntington.

We were pleasantly surprised to find that the annual insurance premium would be only \$286, even though the company seemed nervous that the Owner had never been on a sailboat. Fear that insurance would be too costly was one factor that had long inhibited our plunge into boat ownership.

Before we could turn a screw in the cosmetic (we thought) refurbishing, the \$12,800 had become \$14,913, of which \$5,113 was cash out of pocket, or, increasingly, short-term, high-interest credit card debt.

We didn't look at it that way at the time, but now we could get on with turning our \$12,800 boat into a \$24,000 boat.

Right: The way it was at first sight: Cockpit and companionway; interior of forward cabin; galley setup in forward cabin; interior of aft cabin, head is under the wooden box, a quite good arrangement.



We were at the mercy of things, people and forces we knew nothing about. But we were soon grateful that we had not bought a larger boat, since everything having to do with sailboats, from survey to slip to bottom paint, hauling and launching, is based on LOA. As we ignorantly plunged into the refurbishing, the added four feet of a thirty-footer would have cost us thousands in additional charges.

Our first major surprise was the difference between the survey report and actuality. We assumed that what the surveyor found and reported was in fact all there was to find and report. Wrong!

The surveyor noted only two items that needed immediate attention, a damaged forestay (it was) and a possibly corroded fuel tank (it wasn't). The basic structure was sound and, in fact, there wasn't, and isn't, a trace of gelcoat pox, though many years of flaking and repainting left the bottom looking like a moonscape. The wiring was pronounced sound. It wasn't. The survey report noted the presence or absence of systems such as blower, pumps, lights, batteries, etc., but though we specifically asked the surveyor to check these items for functionality, he did not.

What the surveyor failed to find and note, but should have, were: The forestay was damaged because the furler was broken and inoperable; the electric bilge pump and bilge blower were dead junk; the water lines had been deliberately cut to mask the broken water tank; a stanchion was not merely bent but barely hanging on by a cracked weld; wiring was O.K. in the runs but corroded at virtually every connection; not one instrument, engine or navigation, was operable; shroud and stay turnbuckles were deformed.

Our first indication of the costs we were about to incur came when we asked the yard to remove the old name and paint on the new one and hailport, "Yeraz, New York, N.Y.". The name means dream in Armenian. The charge, \$229.56.

We asked to have the bottom painted, assuming the yard would sand it smooth and put on a neat new coat. Nope! for \$373.85 (including \$3 for rags and \$2.25 for masking tape) they slapped another coat of green crud (at \$92 for three quarts) on top of the moonscape already there.

To replace the forestay and repair the furler, the yard charged \$660.30. By now, we were beginning to get the picture. The long list of items we wanted the yard to do, which included replacing the fuel tank, dwindled dramatically. We replaced the tank ourselves at a

cost of \$100 for a new tank and a near heart attack for the Crew. But, we weren't to get off that easily. At launch, the yard charged us \$118.12 to fill, bleed and purge the fuel system for engine start and another \$82.77 to "start and tune engine." How do you tune a one-cylinder diesel?

"Recommissioning", meaning stepping the mast and putting the boat into the water, came to \$336.96.

By the time we cranked up the one-lunger and putt-putted gingerly out of Huntington Harbor in mid-June, the yard was into us for a total of \$1,425 over the cost of the boat. If we hadn't lifted a finger or spent another dime, the sail-away cost of the boat was now \$16,338, of which nearly \$7,000 was cash. But, of course, we were busily making up what we saw as deficiencies.

We don't know how the former owners used the boat, beyond neglecting it. She had no amenities. No stove, no glass or dish racks, no mirrors, no binocular holder, none of those little teak things that make a boat look like a home. We bought them.

We bought carpet for the cabin soles and to make new liners for the cuddies. We bought a VHF radio. We had the cushions recovered for \$806.25. We bought sheets, blankets, pillows, cool box, barbecue grill, oil lamps, table for the cockpit, new compass, charts, navigational books, buckets, fog horn, bell, anchor holder, fenders, life preservers, bilge pump, bilge blower, ventilators, lights, flag and flag staff, clock and barometer, engine instruments, heater, new batteries, battery charger, new galley pumps, dock lines, and more.

And, of course, everything to be installed needed a special tool, so we soon acquired enough to dismantle or reassemble the entire boat and all its systems.

We needed a place to keep the boat. We could have had a mooring in Huntington for \$800. But, as we did not own a car, that made no sense. We settled on World's Fair Marina in Flushing Bay, a \$1 subway ride from home. The cost of a slip with water and shore power for the season; \$1,125. We could also haul there and the marina had a service department.

The exhaust pipe broke twice and was repaired by the marina at \$50 a throw. The third time, a friend did it for a case of wine. Another case of wine also repaired the stanchion, which had broken completely off.

In August, two weeks after the escrow on the engine expired, so did the engine. The marina shop removed and rebuilt it; \$2,000.

In the six weeks we were en-

gineless, we became expert at short tacks in a narrow channel and at entering and leaving a slip under sail, regardless of wind direction or strength. Never mind the smashed water pipe on the dock, the occasional landing in the wrong slip, the dented bow. The exciting spectacle we provided for our marina mates was almost worth it. The swing keel proved its value as we regularly ran aground in the channel when we carried a tack too far. The 30-1 winch on the 1,100 pounds of steel was a bit much for the 98 pound Owner, whose designated task was to crank it up and down. Great for upper body development, though.

The engine's demise led to further purchases. A 2.7hp outboard and bracket to mount it on. An awkward arrangement, but dependable take-home power that drives the boat at two knots. Not much use in Hell Gate, but it came in handy several times, like when a spinnaker sheet wrapped the shaft, or when we belatedly learned, after we winterized the main engine, that the marina does not tow to the haul out spot. A small engine needs a dinghy, so we bought an inflatable. That's another boat, with its own set of expenses.

By haul out time in October, we had spent in cash or credit cards; \$2,905.18 on new equipment; \$1,583.38 on furnishings; \$983.30 on supplies, a category that included tools, screws, nuts, bolts, sealants, antifreeze, engine oil, etc.; \$416.75 on documentation and registration fees; \$301 on insurance; \$2,817.79 on repairs; \$260 on the survey; \$155.44 on publications, which includes charts, "Eldridge" and boating magazines. Summer and winter dockage and storage were \$1,125 and \$822.50 respectively. The winter fee included hauling, washing and spring launching. A cheap item was fuel, \$83.79. A major item for these car-less owners was transportation via taxi, rental car and subway, which totalled \$1,995.16.

In sum, one season's ownership, including \$1,002.41 interest and principal payments on the mortgage, totalled, in cash or short term credit, \$19,149.44.

We made a budget for the next season.

We wanted to add a few things. A spinnaker, for instance. Spreader lights. Boom vang. Signal halyards. New cushions for the cockpit. New fittings on all the shrouds and stays. The curtains needed replacing as did lots of wiring, especially in the mast, which could not be done until I removed all the birds' nests. New wind instruments, depth sounder and knotmeter. Improvements like an opening port in the forward cab-

in. Every through-deck fitting and deadlight leaked and had to be removed and rebedded.

The budget totalled \$8,800. That included car rentals, loan amortization, fuel, supplies, everything. Overruns began immediately.

Our outboard was stolen while the boat was in winter storage (leave nothing on board). The price increase alone in six months for replacement was more than the insurance paid after the deductible. Cockpit cushions cost closer to \$500 than the \$100 we budgeted. Accidents during the season, like an anchor rode around the prop, cost us a new rode for the other guy, a misaligned engine, a leaking packing gland and very nearly the sinking of the boat when the bilge pump failed.

During a short haul out to fix the gland, the yard ran the boat into the travel lift and broke the furler and forestay. They fixed it, but their bumbling cost us three weeks in mid-summer.

A knockdown drowned a camera sitting in a winch-handle box. About \$150 went up in bubbles. A carelessly stowed TV camcorder sipped a little water to the tune of \$300 in repairs. No outing was complete without a flailing jibsheet snatching overboard a pair of eyeglasses, a hat or two, drinking utensils, glass and bottle holders. A guest dropped the \$100 boarding ladder into the deep. Its replacement, same make, ostensibly same design, but with subtle changes, proved a lethal weapon that did \$167 worth of damage to the inflatable. It could have done much worse to an unwary swimmer, and a refund of its price was hardly compensation (brand name on request).

Budget: \$8,800. Actual: \$14,650, not including camera and camcorder repairs. Total cash outlay on \$12,800 boat for two seasons: \$33,800. Balance remaining on mortgage: \$9,400.

To be fair...why be fair? We wouldn't have spent a dime of that money if we hadn't bought the boat in the first place. What's the cost of a mistress? Would you have taken those taxi rides, bought those jewels, had those extra dinners in expensive restaurants in any case?

But still, to carry the analogy too far, let's say we sent the lady to a plastic surgeon. If we talk only equipment, furnishing, supplies and repairs, most of which a newer boat in sailaway condition would not have incurred, the additional costs total \$12,900, more than the price of the boat. Our \$12,800 boat is now a \$25,700 boat. And we don't count the endless hours needed to run wiring and antenna cable in the mast; to fair the scabrous, leprous keel; to reduce the moon-scape bottom to a smooth plain; even to install a new winch-handle

box. Everything was a five-minute job that somehow seemed to take at least eight hours.

If we allow a couple of thousand dollars for the odds and ends we would have bought for any boat, we can say that our \$12,800 boat cost us \$24,000. However, had we bought a \$24,000 boat in the first place, we not only would have saved ourselves untold labor, but also money. We financed the \$11,200 difference with credit cards at an average interest rate of 18%. It's fair to say that we will never, never, finish paying for this boat. We financed most of the other costs, including car rentals, with credit cards too, but we're not counting those since we would have incurred them on any boat.

Had we bought a \$24,000 boat, we would have paid \$6,000 cash and financed \$18,000 for ten or fifteen years at less than 11%, and got either a bigger or a newer boat, or both. Our yearly cash outlay for the mortgage would have been about \$3,100. And the interest would have been deductible, which credit card interest increasingly is not. By contrast, our present yearly cash outlay for mortgage and short term credit combined is more like

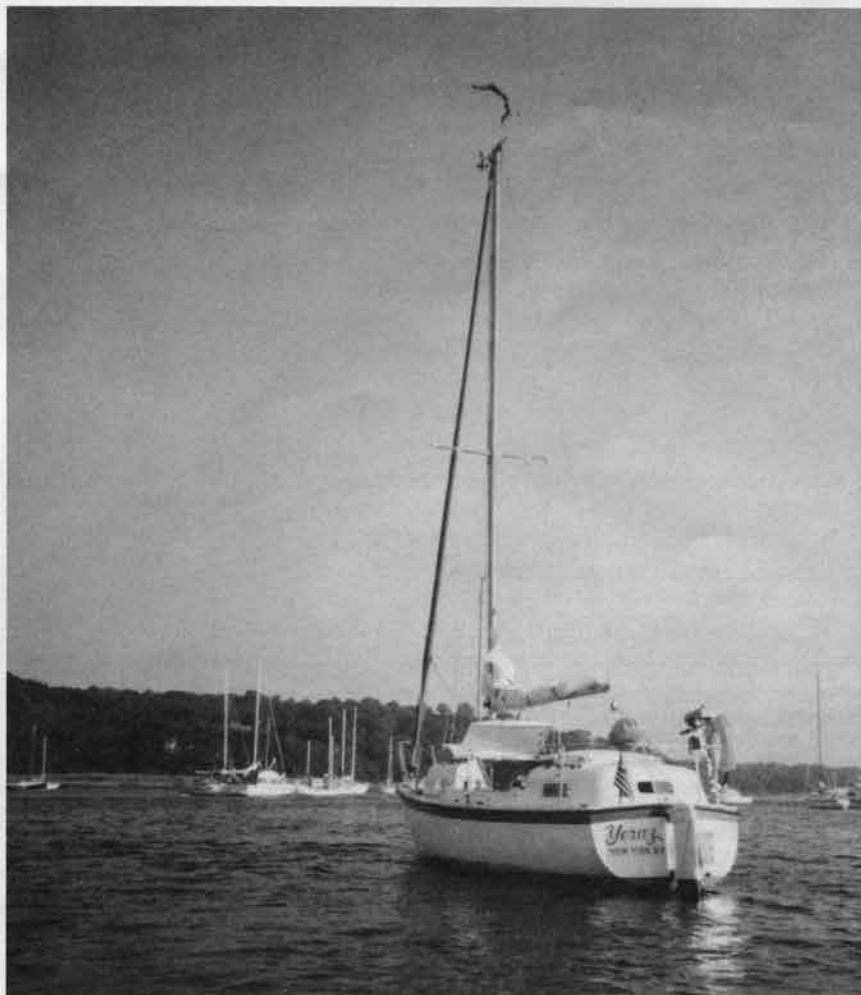
\$7,800. At that rate, we could have afforded a \$40,000 boat. By sheer coincidence, that was the price of a new Parker/Dawson 26 at the end of the vessel's production run.

We love "Yeraz". With smooth bottom, faired keel, good sails, she has proved in her second season to be a fast and able sailer that goes to windward like a bandit. She's all the Owner and Crew need for cruising, an excellent single-handed day sailer and a great weekend-er with unprecedented privacy in a boat her size for two couples. And she's our boat, outfitted our way, personalized. But, while anyone can buy a boat, we've learned that owning one is something else.

But certainly, if we should ever replace her, the new one will certainly need no "cosmetic" work, will have all systems in working order, will clearly show that she has been tenderly cared for. And...we will hire the surveyor only to satisfy the lender.

It takes three years to work the kinks out of a boat or a spouse. No analogy stands on four legs. But if this one comes close, this next season should be a great one.

Peter Brennan, New York, NY.





Selections from the *Mainsheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA



Winter Solstice Sail

By Mike Wick

We have a tradition of a Winter Solstice Sail whenever the weather is possible. This past December it was predicted to be excellent for a couple of Marshcats to cruise Tangier Sound. We have lots of camping gear for fall and spring weather, but December needs a little extra so Doug Oeller surprised us and reserved a proper cabin at Janes Island State Park instead of just a campsite. Doug, Kevin Macdonald and I had the unprecedented heated cabin with all the facilities and creature comforts we hadn't grown used to in the past.

We started from our homes long before daylight on Saturday, December 20, so we could launch before mid day. Sunset was 4:30pm so an early morning start is crucial. The wind was very light and we found that a blessing because anything over Force 2 makes the wind much colder blowing over the cold water. We were cocooned in a mix of fleece, wool, long johns, boots and hats. I found out that lumberjack checked shirts are now stylish and "lumbersexual", but Carley probably already told Doug. He looked very glam. All the layers make it hard to bend in the middle, but catboats don't require rapid movement.

We glided, sailed and Honda'd south along the Daugherty Canal and Little Annemessex River to stop and stretch at Old House Cove, then headed back to the park before sunset. The temperature dropped with the sun but we quickly warmed in our snug cabin, dining on takeaway fish from our favorite dinner spot. We pulled a table close to the fake fire and whiled away our time on scrabble, poker and cold beer. Early to bed.

Solstice Day started with more sun and light winds with short periods of calm. We traveled the twisting channel into Jones Creek near the north end of the canal. The modestly upscale community had a nice mix of working deadries and picnic launches. Near the head of the river we spied a waterfront cemetery and were pushing along to get

pictures, but a local homeowner came down his lawn and warned us that we were running out of water. We listen to local knowledge.

We had a gentle sail up the Annemessex around Long Point to Colebourne Creek. Our favorite lunch spot is the beach on the eastern shore of the entrance, but tide was so high that the beach had disappeared. So we sailed upriver and anchored for lunch instead. We beat downriver. It is deep enough and twisting so with good timing we could make long boards into the deep curves and enjoy the beat out. But if we got too far in the trees blocked the wind and would leave us becalmed. It becomes a nice challenge.

Downriver toward home is only a couple of miles but there was a little slop because it is open to the west. We tucked into the protection of Joe's Cove. Kevin loves all shortcuts and chose the inside passage close around Jackson Island. The tide had fallen and he ran out of water just 20' from the end of the passage. He had to get out and push, an ancient catboat trick. He had only gotten his feet wet but the water deepened quickly and he waded up to his knees in 40° water to get back aboard. He started his outboard to get back quick. By the time we caught up at the marina he had moved his trailer and recovered his boat so he could change to dry clothes. He was hopping about to bring back circulation to his feet.

That night we went to a fancier place and then started a celebration campfire, mostly sitting and toasting our feet but occasionally standing and turning around to warm our backsides. It must have been a trick of the flickering campfire, but the others accused me of occasionally nodding off. Anyway, soon as the fire burned away, we were off to bed. Monday morning was cold and rainy so we were glad to pack up and head home. A good late season trip makes the winter pass more quickly.

The Delaware River TSCA holds a general membership meeting on the second Monday of every month. Visitors are always welcome. Stop by and check us out! Meetings are normally held at the Liberty Sailing Club, 303 North Front St, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Sister Chapters

By Frank Stauss

I like to think of the John Gardner Chapter of the TSCA as our sister chapter. Over the years I have made friends with many of its members. Additionally, two of our members, Bill and Karen Rutherford, now reside in Stonington, Connecticut, and are integral members of the Gardner chapter. Bill is the VP and he and Karen are the new editors of their newsletter. Before moving to Connecticut, Bill and Karen did a great job of editing our *Mainsheet*. I suggest that you go to the John Gardner website and give it a look. Their newsletters are being posted on the site. You won't be disappointed. Their address is www.tscanet.net/johngardner/about.htm.

Weather Wisdom

By Marilyn Vogel

Standing on the beach, looking at the water, to sail or not to sail, will the weather forecast be right or should I make my own observations? Too much wind, too little wind, it's all about the weather. Even decisions about the D-Day invasion, farming practices, airplane trips all depend on accurate forecasts. Before we had scientific weather forecasting, we had to know our cirrocumulus, cumulonimbus, altocumulus clouds and rely on skills of observation to read the weather. Now we have radar, weather satellites and a small craft warning system for weather forecasting.

We also have weather folklore. Weather folklore is often dismissed as old wives' tales, legends and superstitions. In other words, folklore is considered the opposite of science. What we call weather folklore stays with us but how much is accurate according to modern scientific techniques? Folklore and science have more in common than one might imagine. The scientific method is based on observation and evidence as is a great deal of weather folklore.

Weather Folklore – Fact Or Fiction?

"Red sky in the morning,
sailors take warning."

There are many proverbs which warn of rain in the event of a morning red sky. Shakespeare wrote, "A red morn that ever yet betokened, wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field..." According to Matthew, Christ was supposed to have said to the Pharisees in answer to a call for a sign, "And in the morning, it will be foul weather today, for the sky is red and lowering." There is an element of scientific basis for the proverb because a red sun commonly indicates the presence of essential rain elements, dust and moisture. There are, of course, many other factors but it is sufficient to give the proverb more than just a chance basis. (1)

A red sky in the morning can be caused by the dawn light bouncing off cirrus ice crystals in the upper atmosphere. Cirrus clouds can be at the leading edge of a frontal system and so this can also work to signal poor incoming weather. (2)

"Red sky at night, sailors delight!" If the sky is red at night, then the chances are that the air to the west is clear enough for the sun's light to have passed through it. In many

parts of the world, most weather comes from the west and so this is a fair sign that good weather is on its way. (2)

“Mare’s tails and mackerel scales make tall ships take in their sails.”

The mackerel sky, consisting of tiny ripple like formations of cirrocumulus clouds, often precedes an approaching warm front with veering winds and precipitation impending. The proverb has a definite scientific basis of explanation, especially if the clouds should fuse and thicken. (1)

The mare’s tails are caused by high cirrus clouds (high level) that have been shaped by the upper winds. Cirrus clouds can signal an approaching front. The mackerel scales are cirrocumulus clouds that are being influenced by shifting wind directions and high speeds and are typical of an advancing low pressure system. (2)

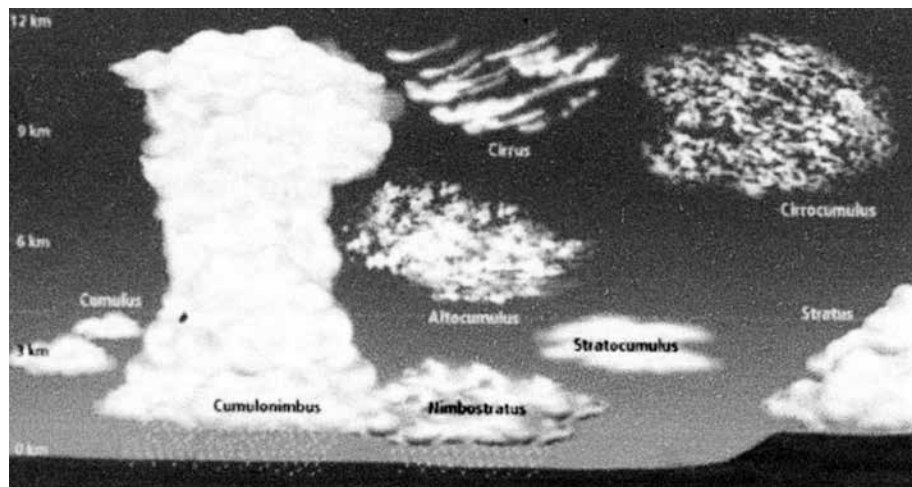
“Clear moon, frost soon.”

If the moon is clear, that is, the atmosphere clear and cloud free, the surface of the earth will cool rapidly by radiation, and if no wind exists and the temperature is low enough, frost may well form. It is one of the proverbs that has more than a strand of scientific basis. (1)

“Halo around the sun or moon, rain or snow soon.”

The presence of lunar or solar halos is evidence of a layer of cirriform clouds, high ice crystal clouds, perhaps 30,000’ above the earth’s surface. These clouds are often indicative of an approaching warm front associated with a low pressure area. Rain or snow will not always follow the appearance of a ring around the sun or moon, but there is a higher probability of precipitation after a halo is seen and the probability is greater if the circle is brighter. A rough rule of thumb is that rain or snow will come within 12 to 18 hours of seeing a halo on two out of three occasions. (1)

A halo appears around the moon or the sun when ice crystals at high altitudes refract the moonlight (or sunlight). That is a good indication that moisture is descending to lower altitudes, where it is likely to take the form of precipitation. A halo is a more reliable indicator of storms in warmer months than during winter months. The halo around a bright object is caused by refraction of the light through the ice crystals of high cirrus clouds. Cirrus can be the first cloud to appear ahead of a front. (2)



“Rain before seven, clear by eleven.”

It has the same kind of validity that is implied in a statement attributed to Mark Twain concerning New England’s weather, “If you don’t like the weather, wait awhile!” Most regions of the middle latitudes lie in the prevailing westerly’s belt which carries transient high and low pressure areas from west to east, attended by cold and warm fronts, each with a different pattern of weather. These weather patterns are generally in motion and stagnation of weather is not typical. Change of weather, therefore, is quite normal, often within a few hours. To that extent, the proverb is somewhat valid, although the specific hour of day reference is meaningless. (1)

“Rainbow in the morning gives you fair warning.”

If two factors are considered, it can be seen that this proverb has a sound basis. First, weather in the middle latitudes generally travels from west to east. Also, a rainbow is seen when the observer’s back is toward the sun while he is looking at a rain shower. Consequently, in the morning, when the sun is in the east, the shower and its rainbow are in the west. As the weather moves from west to east, the morning rainbow is a promise of rain moving toward the observer from the west. Conversely, a rainbow in the evening is seen in the east, and this means that the rain has passed and will continue to move eastward. But weather backs up once in a while so that although the rhyme has a scientific basis, it is by no means an infallible guide. (1)

“If in the sky you see cliffs and towers, it won’t be long before there is a shower.”

As a general rule of thumb, the more vertical clouds appear the more unsettled the air is and consequently the less calm the weather will be.

“When the bees crowd out of their hive, the weather makes it good to be alive. When the bees crowd into their hive again, it is a sign of thunder and of rain.”

Tom Sheppard says, “Yes!”

Source (1)

1001 Questions Answered About the Weather, second edition 1981, has a wealth of information by Frank Forrester who was an information officer at the US Geological Survey Office (originally Dover Publications, Inc, NY, NY). His book is now available at <http://www.mcnallyrobinson.com>. Frank Forrester was a trained meteorologist in the days before that was a requirement for radio/TV weather people. He served in the Marines as an aviation meteorologist, then worked at Pan American Airways in New York’s LaGuardia airport. Frank was also deputy manager of the Hayden Planetarium in New York City. His first TV weather program was on WOR-TV in New York, in 1951.

Source (2)

A neat website in the United Kingdom, *Weather Folklore And Sayings*, by James White: <http://www.naturalnavigator.com/the-library/weather-lore> They have written a book that has a weather lore section. It sets out the sayings that work and the ones that don’t. It is called, “The Walker’s Guide to Outdoor Clues & Signs.” Email address: info@naturalnavigator.com.

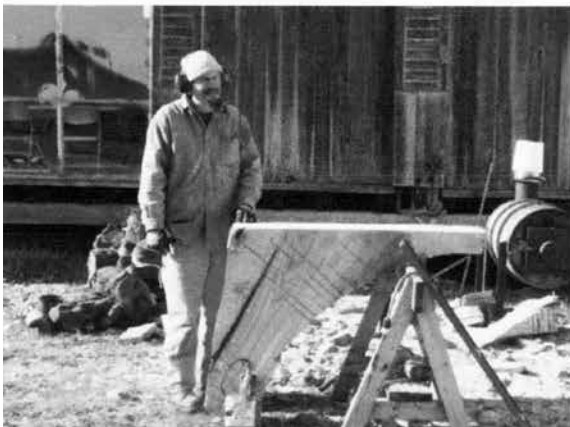


Maine's First Ship

December 2014 News

On Christmas Eve Day, Santa's elves were busy working on fairing the interior of Virginia's frames. This view forward will soon be filled with aft frames and hull planking will begin in January. Rob says once the planking starts work will move quickly to enclose the hull. We're also buying the rest of the hull planks during 2015 and all the fasteners to install them. We'll also install the bilge and sheer (deck) clamps, and procure the materials for deck beams in 2015.

Jeremy, Roger and Tim continue to whittle down the New Portland hackmatack stern knee.



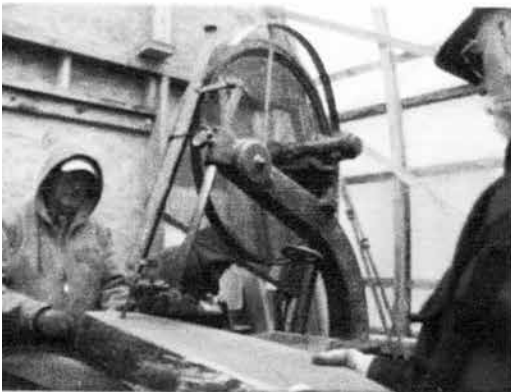


Gail predrilling the knee for bolting to the sternpost, and creating the mortises for the shaft log bolts. The finished knee is hoisted by many hands to Jeremy who, assisted by Tim, slides the knee into place on top of the shaft log. With the stern knee bolted into place, the aft structure of deadwood, shaft log, sternpost and transom are all locked into place.



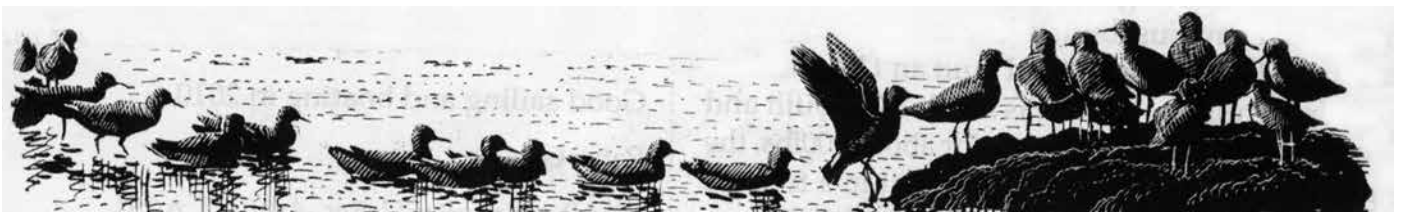
Making Mold Patterns for the Aft Frames
RB Omo at left and Roy Jenkins at right each anchor an end of the laser survey sight to determine the center of both ends of each aft frame. Using the ribbands they have established the frame pattern with additional vertical reference guides. Using this info and various reference points they create a pattern of the desired frame.





Making the Aft Frame Patterns

RB and Roy get a hand from Aaron Park in test fitting the last two frame patterns into position on the port side. The pattern will be reversed for use on the starboard side to create a perfect symmetry. These aft frames are broken down into futtocks during the layout process. Paul and Dick get an assist from Dan Wood and Roger Barry in picking the best match between the raw stock and pattern. A chainsaw makes quick work of separating the futtock pattern from the framing stock and on to the shipsaw. The tilting arbor saw is inclined to cut the frame bevels. The shipsaw pass through door invites congregation and conversation between jobs.



Saving *Coquina*

By Doug Calhoun

One of the first boats built by the Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez was back at the now F.I.S.H. Boatworks this past winter where it was restored and raffled off at the Commercial Fishing Festival in February. It was a fine example of early Florida skiffs crafted by local volunteers.

The 12' skiff had been hit by a car. No, it wasn't on a trailer. The boat was tied to its usual spot at Turner Matthews' dock, near his several other boats. Most of the other boats, larger and more expensive, needed more draft so they stayed out in deeper water. The car, bigger than the boat and way more heavy, went west down the south side of the Manatee River at a fairly good clip. Some might say that the driver failed to negotiate the sharp 90° turn to the left (to the south), but technically one has to see a turn before it can be negotiated.

By the time it hit the boat, the car was on the downward part of its flight, approaching landing so to speak. The boat was secured to the road side of the dock some 10' or so from the shore. The dock ran parallel to the street after the turn. The boat received the car square in the planks and the force rammed it up against the dock, damaging both sides of the hull and, of course, the dock.

Neither the car's owner, who suffered no injury, nor the car, which did, suggested having sufficient funds beyond the removal of himself and the car. Turner, himself a lawyer, knew a loss when he saw it. The boat was retired and later taken to the Fogarty Boat Works in Manatee Village Historical Park and displayed there.

After a stay there, it eventually found its way to the new Florida Institute for Saltwater Heritage's Boatworks (4404 116th St West, just off Cortez), which is just down the road from the Florida Maritime Museum (since having dropped "Cortez"). By that time it looked more like a semi attached gathering of lumber than a boat. Rick Stewart, the Manager of F.I.S.H. Boatworks, decided to bring it back to life. He could see that it would make a great donation by raffle boat for the 2015 Cortez Commercial Fishing Festival,

The skiff actually had its beginnings in Historic Spanish Point in Sarasota. Roger Allen headed that organization but left to become the director of the Florida Maritime



Museum at Cortez. Several of the Point's group of volunteers came with him because he said there would be boat building opportunities there. Among them were two guys then in their late 80s, Dick Scully and Harvey Levine, who were eager to be boat builders, and Jose Antonio Garnham who had skill as a marine architect. These are said to be the team leaders for the boat.

Jose heard of a *Coquina* skiff mired in the mud on the shore of the Myakka River. He found it and took basic lines from it. Then he took the lines of the *Pequena* at Spanish Point and found that they were quite similar but a bit smaller. His design concept blended both. These became the plans for the skiff built for Turner Matthews and a *Pequena/Coquina* was born.

The repair or restoration of the skiff has been extensive. All the original cypress planks were a loss and replaced by cypress. Rick retained the original stem, the transom, which are both different kinds of mahogany. The double planked bottom, the chine logs, the keel and the keelson and related knees were OK, too. He replaced all the original frames with African mahogany. The new quarter knees, original stem and transom are mahogany, too. The rub rails, the inwales and the breast hook are also mahogany.

Rick and current volunteers did the mahogany in bright work and painted the rest. The finished boat makes a great multi purpose skiff, as a tender, or for rowing, or fishing, or with a small motor, touring around

the bays. It also is a thing of beauty. The lucky winner may even want to bring the boat inside the house.

The raffle boat attracted a great deal of attention over the two days of the F.I.S.H. Commercial Fishing Festival, February 14-15. A \$5 donation to the Florida Institute for Saltwater Heritage, F.I.S.H., supports its goals among which are returning the approximately 95 acre F.I.S.H. preserve to its natural state of supporting a healthy fish habitat and preserving traditional maritime skills and values. Several people just used the opportunity to donate directly to F.I.S.H., a non profit organization, without even taking the tickets. Others just gave the tickets to someone who might want the boat. Check out the website, www.cortez-fish.org, and maybe you would want to join. It's only \$10 for the whole year.

The winner was Brenda Browning, a local person. The boat may eventually be seen on local waters. You will have another opportunity to support FISH next year when another beautiful \$5 boat will be offered at next year's Commercial Fishing Festival.

Readers living (or visiting) in the area might even want to come to the Boatworks and see the other projects that volunteers are working on. Volunteers work at the F.I.S.H. Boatworks (4404 116th St West, Cortez, Florida) on Thursday through Saturday of almost any week. Check out what is happening or contact Rick Stewart, Manager, The Boatworks at (941) 580-1036.



Not an encouraging prospect but it turned out nicely, here with Rick Stewart at the Festival (Herman Kruegle Photo).

Here is a conversation that took place in 2009 between Joe, Claude and me about restoring a very old (1929) Star class sailboat. I didn't know either of them at the time. It was almost a joke with the guys at the shop, the boat was a total piece of crap but still had its shape and good hull planking, unlike the Fish we got that was totally rotted away. We finished the project about five years ago and not much has happened with the boat. The last I heard it was going up to Roger Allen at the Buffalo Maritime Center.



We never saw it like this. I can see how this may trick someone into thinking all it needed is a little sanding and paint. The keel and rudder have been taken off.

From Joe

Dave, I own the Star that you saw in Cortez. One expert determined the cost for materials to restore could be as high as \$15,000. While I think this is high, I have decided not to proceed. This Star was built in 1929 by Joseph Parkman in Brooklyn, this is based on the info we have. I have two masts, lots of sails and all of the parts needed. It seems a shame to destroy the boat at this point. Would anyone at your shop like to have it? We just made a cradle which would go with the boat. The boat would be a freebie.

From Dave

Joe, Howard and I drove over to take a closer look at your boat. It's in really rough shape. We can't see how it would take more than a couple thousand dollars in materials to take the hull back to like new condition. It's getting someone crazy enough to do the work, that's the problem. If we took it and fixed it we don't know what we'd do with it. Howard loves a challenge and is sort of interested doing it for you.

The Saving of a Star

By Dave Lucas



This is our first sight, Helen wasn't impressed. All of the frames were totally dry rotted and had been bolted together at some point with regular steel bolts that were rusted away and had inflicted "iron cancer" on the surrounding wood. This poor old boat was definitely ready for the dump.

How about this, we fix the hull up for the cost of materials plus something for the shop? If we get started and find it's going to be a lot more expensive or way too far gone you can call it all off and go on to Plan B which is we have an old junk boat here and you're out nothing except the cost to haul it to the dump, about \$100. If it works out the boat will end up back on its trailer looking like a million bucks. This will give you the historic old wooden boat back.

We don't know anything about the rig, we're woodworkers and catboat sailors and Stars are famous for having the most complicated rigs in the world, you might be on your own getting the rig set back up. We saw the keel but not the rudder, is it still there? Is there a trailer? These boats have some kind of really fancy rig, don't they. Let me know what you think, even better, stop by the shop here and see what we're doing.



Then we got it into the shop where Howard started taking the bad wood out. He also used some bad words because it was all bad wood. Half of the transom fell off.



But Howard never gives up so he just kept taking stuff out and putting new stuff in, custom fitting every piece.

From Joe

I will try to stop over next week and finalize the deal. I'm in. I do have a good Star trailer for it that was imported from Germany for use with Star boats. It has had little use. I purchased it from a man in Annapolis. You can pick the boat and trailer up at any time. A lot of bronze deck fittings were removed from the deck when the deck was removed. I had hoped to restore the boat as close to original as possible. I don't have any definite plans for its use. I will get all of the bits and pieces I have over to you. There are also two masts. I have some plans from Mystic Seaport I will also get over to you. There are complete rigging plans. I also have a lot of pictures of the boat before the deck was removed. Claude is the Star VP for the western hemisphere and lives in Tampa.

From Dave

Hello Claude, we are in the process of restoring a really old Star and the owner isn't sure what he will do with it. It's boat #561 built in 1929, listed in the book as *Mede* from Connecticut but may actually be *Pickarel*. The owner brought it down here to Bradenton, Florida, with the intention of "fixing it up" and realized what an impossible job that would be for him. This hull was ready to be

cut up and burned. He asked us if we would like to try to do something with it and in a moment of insanity we said OK.

The boat is starting to look really good. Almost all of the frames, floors, deck and deck beams had to be replaced. The outside planking was still in very good shape. The finish will be shiny and fair and hard to tell from a new glass boat. Looking inside will show a wooden boat. We have the original short mast as well as the tall rig from after 1930. The owner would like to do something special with this boat. Is there a national Star museum or something like that?



The hull was covered with a hundred years of horrible stuff. I'm not sure it can even be called paint, some of it was like tar that was great fun to sand off. I got to do most of that in my spare time, Howard's time is too valuable to be doing this grubby apprentice work. He made a rolling frame so we could roll it over to easily work on all sides.

From Claude

How far are you from having it finished? I am leaving in the morning for Italy and the European Championship. I will be back in mid June. I would like to come see it then as I am very interested.

From Dave

The hull will be complete in a couple of weeks. The rig is questionable because of the change between the '29 short rig and the '30 tall rig, we have both. My shop is down in Bradenton. Joe tells me that the builder of this boat also built the winning Star in the '32 Olympics, #615 *Jupiter*, the first year Stars competed. Please direct your other questions to Joe, he's the owner and would like to see something special happen to this boat.



Naturally all of the keel bolts were rusted away so Howard made up some 3/4" threaded bronze studs to put it back on.

From Joe

The hull number is #561. It was built in 1929 by Joseph Parkman in Brooklyn, New York. Come look at it when you return and we will talk. My problem is that I really don't have a use for the boat. I am not a racer plus I am confident the boat would not be competitive with new boats. I intended the boat to be a hands on project but that ended up not being feasible due to the scope of work required. I am not looking to make any profit on the boat. At this point I think Dave and Howard, who have done the work, and myself would like to see the boat go where its historical significance would be appreciated.



Finally it was time for me to do something, since Howard's allergic to epoxy I did tons of fairing and sanding and filling and sanding and then I glassed the whole thing to keep it stable. That little hole you see is for the rudder shaft.

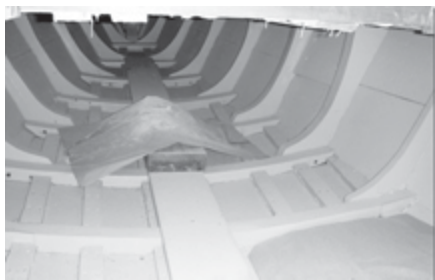
From Dave

#561 is significant because it was one of the last boats built with the short rig and one of the extremely few that were rigged with the tall mast. The mast is 6' shorter than the tall rig and had a sail track instead of a slot for the bolt rope. These short masts couldn't be bent or the track would pop, the tall ones take on all kinds of shapes. This boat came to us with its original short mast complete with the sail track. This mast is in need of major refinishing but I bet it's one of only a few if any originals still in existence. As you can see from the list of Stars, there are only 15 boats built between 1920 and 1930, the era of the short Marconi sails, still surviving. Out of that 15 I wonder how many still have their original short masts complete with hardware. Most are not even complete boats.

REGISTER OF STAR CLASS BOATS

* - APPROVED MEASUREMENT CERTIFICATE ON FILE AT CENTRAL OFFICE
P - BOAT IS OWNED IN PARTNERSHIP C - CHARTERED
G - BOAT IS MADE OF GLASS REINFORCED PLASTIC

Yacht #	Name	Owner	Part Owner	Dist.	Fleet	Builder
1*	Little Dipper	Tiller, transom and other parts in Port Washington, NY Library		1	WLIS	S-11
2*	Shasta	Hugh Mahaffey		2		S-11
7	Ceti	Warren A Ransom donation to the Mystic Seaport Museum Mystic, CT USA				S-11
8*	Pieces of Eight	Delbert Daskel; decommissioned 2000		12	LH	S-11
17		John Finch		12	LOC	S-11
25*	Poison Ivy	James Keesling		21	CD	V-14
36		Geoff Geils, Lake George				V-13
118*	Sirius	Dave King		6		W-23
178	Trout	Kris Uebersax	T Gahs	2	CB	NE-23 P
202*	Ace	Adrian Iselin II Family donation to the Mystic Seaport Museum Mystic, CT USA				O-24
255*	Bee	Roland & Todd Uecker		4		J-25
326		Eugen Galanin		17	Ukr	C-25
362*		Oleg Bismenov		17	Ukr	S-26
367*		David Conner, Maryland		2		MC-25
418*	Arod	Alan A. Cook		12		SP-28
481*	Fantasy	Bill Hoad		20		T-27
536*	Blue Eagle	Brian Dombrowski		12	Cay	S-28
555*	Okla II	Located in Brimfield, MA		1		PN-28
561*	Medea	Bart Bates, Norwalk, CT		1		PN-29
591*		Robert Symer,		5		FO-29
611	Nomana	Todd Semmes, Hood River, OR		6		AW-29
721*	Flash II	John F. Kennedy's former boat auctioned to an unknown buyer, December, 2005		1		FO-29
818*	Chuckie II	Morris W Newman		3	NOG	PN-31
893*		Robert Doherty		2	ISOL	PN-32



Then it was time to paint, this is the one boat where we didn't use house paint, we wanted it to look like a molded glass boat. I hate "tipping" paint, should have called Rex and Kathie Paine to do that, they really good at it. Howard installed all of the old hardware, some even had glass knobs. It had controls that would make the mast bend every direction imaginable. There was even a control to move the mast step. He went a little overboard and edged everything with mahogany trim. Figuring out where to put all this stuff was fun since we hadn't seen it before it was taken off. We did have pictures and a good set of plans to work from. There was still a lot of "does this look right".

As we keep saying, I can't believe how long ago this was, the shop burned in April of

2010. I think every old guy in the world has experience with Stars. I usually get a handful of responses from the emails, this one got about 30, some from old women who met their men on stars. Charlie Morgan and Milton Thasher sent me their tales of adventures at world championships. Even heard from a couple of guys who wanted us to rebuild their old wood boats. They couldn't believe that we wouldn't work for money, ever. What the hell kind of boat shop are we anyway?

The only email I've gotten more responses is the foam boat one in January; I bet I've got a hundred and they're still coming in from people I've never heard from who heard it from someone who did get it. No telling what will happen when you and Duckworks run it.

Here's the final result, better than new; it took us about six months to do. I don't know how he did it, magic I guess and a big "sky hook" to lift things. And, most of this happened while we were recovering from the fire that burned the main shop to the ground. After that we built this huge new shop with just the six of us. Never under estimate what motivated old guys can do. This boat was the first thing in the new structure.



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Part 1

OK, I admit it. It's inevitable. Can't be helped. Always gonna happen. Just the way it is. But hope springs every now and then. So, without much warning or any real preparation, I just started to clean, move, stack, change, repair and generally make my shop over.



The problem is "where do you put stuff while it's homeless and the other stuff hasn't been moved yet?"



Especially when some of those homeless items weighed between three and six hundred pounds. Each.



A Less Cluttered Shop For a Still Cluttered Mind

By Dan Rogers



So I decided to start in the back corner and sort of change "everything." At least that was the notion. The results are still awaiting a more precise accounting. Actually, I still have stuff piled, stacked and forgotten in little sandbars and reefs all across the floor.



But the outfeed table is moved over and realigned with the table saw, that got moved and releveled.

The radial arm saw was unearthed from about 100 board feet of offcuts and "valuable" sticks. An entire 25' wall of shelves holding thousands of pounds of "spares" and "important" pieces of motors, door locks, trailers, boats and every imaginable thing in between got completely cleared and refigured out. Oh yeah. Inevitable.

It's inevitable that stuff will grow around the perimeter walls of any shop I occupy. Sort of like a bathtub ring. Pieces of plywood, chunks of logs for carving, outboard motors, even paint cans, and every now and again this stuff has to be "brought under control." Maybe you know somebody like that.



New bins will have screws where screws are supposed to be, bolts where they are supposed to be. Shelves for hardwood, even one for deer antlers. Maybe even paint brushes where they're supposed to be.



Maybe even a cleared corner that doesn't have to be a homeless shelter for some lost band saw or coil of wire. Maybe?

Sooooooooo, maybe tomorrow. Or so. Maybe we'll have some progress that doesn't have to get covered up with more homeless stuff.

Part 2

This evolution took four full days. Probably worth doing but not anywhere as easy as I projected. I'll paint the floor again over the next few days, and then it'll be more than time to get back to making a mess!



There are way more boats still to get ready for summer, than winter remaining. A guy can't get too worried about neatness. Maybe every five years is about the right rotation?

Yesterday's progress was pretty astounding, especially for me, the only labor force I could muster for this "blood letting."



Back wall is almost done.



Most of the regularly looked for mechanic's tools are all at the ready and by the garage door.



Motors are moved and that wall is all cleaned up.



Additional wood storage will go up on the back wall over the radial arm saw. Just as soon as the pony express brings my Rockler order, that is.



And then there were a few "loose ends" still remaining for this morning. In some ways, "moving everything" turned out a lot like digging a hole in a sand pit. The faster you shovel, the faster the hole fills back up.



The entry area is completely redone.



My old clutter catching bench got cut down and made into an island (to reduce the number of projects that get marooned on it) to do stuff like carving, grinding, sanding and generally dirty work. In a few days that fresh top should have a respectable number of dents, gouges and oil stains.



But, then, somehow things started to look a bit more like "progress."



The old power tool bay now has fasteners in tilt out bins and will soon also have cans of bigger/heavier stuff on the opposite shelves. You know, stuff like trailer bolts, deck cleats and odd bits of hardware and electrical devices. The sort of thing that accumulates in EVERY workshop.



Part 3

This is what my recent marathon shop overhaul in one week looked like when I decided that any more neatness could lead to a serious productivity loss.



Sooooooooo. It's time to get back to fairing, painting, rerigging, and seriously messing with *Punkin' Seed's* cockpit and deck layout.



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Strumpet Project Week Two

OK, I thought it was a really good idea. I've started getting up around 05, so I could get in most of a shift on the latest Frankenbot project before the heat of the day sets in (it's late January and our high will probably top 30° today. And even if it doesn't get really unbearably hot, there is always the need for a midday snowplowing).

Anyhow, this all seems to come with one of those unintended consequences. Maybe you know somebody like this. By about lunch time, I have to admit that I begin to loose interest in climbing in and out of that boat. So maybe I'll ask the boss for an hour or two off.



But this is what things were looking like before the sun came up today. Still sort of an unexplored cave up under the foredeck.



And now a bit more like the plan calls for, at least most of the way across. The door fits pretty well and swings OK. A whole glob of little sticks shaped, sanded, recut, resanded and occasionally discarded. Now and then actually glued in place. The steering and gauge panel has been enlarged. Stuff still to do, but like I say, maybe we'll take a couple hours off. Maybe.

Strumpet Project End of Week Two

So, what have I learned through all this fuss and trouble and expense? Absolutely nuthin'. I think this is about my seventh Frankenbot creation in the past four winter building seasons. Perhaps by now I'd have learned that it would be a good idea to actually have a plan. Better to not only have a plan, but follow it.

You'd think I would have learned a few other things, like the fact that a bigger boat can absorb an ungodly amount of plywood and glue and lumber and stuff compared to a smaller one. A smart boy like me should have learned something about improving upon my woodworking skills and techniques. Nope.

I still remark to myself how I just about get something figured out by the time the last board gets cut, or the last piece gets glued on,

Strumpet

By Dan Rogers

or something. I think that's why God made boats with two sides, one to practice on, one to get it right. S'pose?

Oh yeah, another thing that you'd think I would have learned by now. There just ain't no such animal as a one hour job when you're working on a boat. Can't happen. Heck, more often than not it takes me more than an hour just to test fit something and make it too small for the hole. Then I have to decide if I really want it there after all. See what I mean about not having a plan? So the learning curve is really steep, but only for people who choose to climb it.

Anyhow, things are progressing. After about 14 working days little *Strumpet* is taking on a definite personality. Not exactly the gleaming mahogany and chrome of a legitimate barrel back two cockpit runabout that I sort of started out to put together, but I do think I have made her more interesting to look at than useful to, well, use. And that was actually one of my objectives. Another one was to wrap this all up in less than a month. Maybe?



This is what we got so far and the lumber is cut and shaped for the rest of the top-side appliqué. About a week to have it all on and varnished, then one of those minor things. Shouldn't take more than an hour. Gotta get the engine running. Yeah, I know. You'd think I would have learned, by now.

Strumpet Project Week Two and a Half Done for Now

OK, it's midnight on the Wednesday of Week Three. Give or take, we're ready for varnish. Gallons of the stuff, I'm gonna bet. That's the plan for the next several days. There's no compelling reason to start doing things the right way, at this late date. So, 'tween coat sanding will probably be honored in the breach a whole lot.

Mostly the plan is to get things more or less sealed up good enough to haul *Strumpet* back to storage and bring the next up into the shop for scheduled repairs.

Unfortunately, things are as jammed up around this particular project boat. You see, it's like this, this particular project was not only not scheduled, it wasn't even really thought out. All I was doing was to borrow the trailer for something else. Something else that didn't happen as things turned out. But there was a couple thousand pounds of boat crammed onto the cart that is probably only capable of moving about half that. Those casters were so overloaded I had to push the whole kit and caboodle into the shop with the snowplow tractor blade.

No, I don't quite have a plan for how all that is supposed to assume a reciprocal course. Sure, something will work out.



Anyhow, that's how all this sort of came about and now there sits a really heavy but pretty cool Frankenbot, one that I believe will be a total kick in the pants. But in a few more days she'll have to take her place out in the cold and wait her turn for another appointment in the beauty saloon for "hair and nails."

Strumpet Project Epilogue

I tell ya there's just no rest for the weary around this boat ranch. But the days are getting longer, the snow is getting shorter. Boat season is just around the corner, but if I expect to have anybody ready for operation, there's quite a bit to be done yet.



So, with her nail polish still a little wet and finishing touches held in abeyance, *Strumpet* was cleaned out and readied for transport back to storage with all the other girls.



And since this project just sort of happened and didn't even get the proper day or two of pre planning, there was one whole lot of stuff that had to be moved to even get a clear passage to the outside world.

First off, little *Punkin' Seed* has been sitting upside down out in the garage, patiently waiting for me to finish fairing and sanding and priming and a few more "-ing's." It's not real easy, but I managed to get her turned back over and back on the trailer. I think that little spit kit must weigh about 500 pounds. I don't suppose all that epoxy and plywood I've been adding to make her leak less comes for free.

I started to say that I did the turning-over by myself. But since I didn't bargain on the hull going the whole way over when I took tension on one crane while she spun in a lifting strap on the other, I can't take credit for how the whole shootin' match was saved by that same strap snagging on a 3/4" ring bolt projecting from the stempost. It's safe to say that I had help, even though I was the only one in the room to hear me yell, "ooooooooohhhhhh nnnooooooooo!!!"



So, instead of getting dropped and punctured, here she is ready to crawl back on the trailer.

After that little misadventure, I called my good buddy Jim. He's showed up quite a few times when I had to lift one of these girls, and desperately needed to be in several places at once.



Big *Strumpet* has been sitting on a building frame that has been added onto and modified more times than the Winchester Mansion. Those poor casters underneath are ready for retirement. But we had to fly just one more mission first. She had to roll out to where the pickee uppee stuff is. If you've ever tried to convince a half dozen bent casters to swivel and follow while you push and pull, you know how silly you can look.



But nothing that a pair of floor jacks, some random dunnage and some heavy duty vehicle movers can't handle. That, and Alice the tractor pulling, and presto, *Strumpet* emerges back into the sunlight for the first time in about a month.



Now we really get to the "children, don't try this at home" part. All it takes is two chain falls and a tow strap up forward. Two engine lifting cranes back aft. A random floor jack or two. A trailer, snow plow tractor and Good Ol' Jim to push, shove and tell me when I really oughta "STOPPPPP!!!"



And before you know it *Strumpet* is in, over the snow berm and situated amid the rest of the fleet with almost half an inch to spare on all sides. OK, enough of this standing around. Time to get back to work.

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A couple years ago I rescued this kinda cute little Glen-L 13 from a chicken barn. You see, it was all pretty innocent at the time. I was simply asked for my opinion on whether the boat could be sold and for how much. Sounds pretty innocent, doesn't it? Well, doesn't it?

If ammonia, and feathers and straw can preserve an old wooden boat, then that little girl should probably last as long as the Dead Sea Scrolls. It was, shall we say, pretty deep and well spread. But the trailer looked serviceable after rewiring, new lights, painting, replacing the hubs and wheels and tires, changing out the coupler and safety chains, replacing the rollers and redoing the wooden parts.

There was this one piece wooden mast that somebody had lovingly crafted from several telephone poles somewhere along the line, a flat profile wooden boom, a pile of ancient wire rigging and some ancient sail bags stuffed up hither and yon. But she hadn't been neglected. At least not lately. She sported a snap on full cover, mast crutch, handmade seating and some stained dark pine trim. Something about her just said, "Take me with you."

OK. We all knew that was coming.

Suffice it to say that I was neither looking for another boat, nor did I really have a job for another boat. But that's rarely a reason to behave rationally.



The Overhaul of Punkin' Seed Again

By Dan Rogers



So, after several washings and flushings and general scrapings, little *Punkin' Seed* went off to a corner at storage to await developments. Sort of a seasoning process, if you will.



That was a couple years ago now. I did bring that little spit kit home again sooner or later, last winter, before last summer, and did some basic spruce ups, rerigging, and painting



And she participated in the Eastern Washington Movable Messabout in September 2014.

But she also LEAKED, even though I had poured about a gallon of epoxy directly into the bilge and painted it on all over the interior, mostly to seal in the residual chicken stuff, SHE STILL LEAKED. I never could exactly see where it was coming in. The various bilge compartments were basically individual sections as I had completely filled the limber holes with epoxy by then. Each section of the bilge would accept water at a different rate than its neighbors. A most curious situation.

And we broke some stuff. All the rigging had been pieced together with odd parts from my spares containers (coffee cans). Some worked better than other pieces and parts.

So yesterday (early February), when I was sending the latest Frankenbot creation off to storage for a bit of "seasoning," I sort of tripped over little *Punkin' Seed*. She'd been parked upside down between the cars out in the garage for quite a while now. And since there isn't even enough space left over where the rest of the fleet is wintering to probably park a small tricycle, what with the over population of boats this season, it was pretty much a no brainer to bring *PS* into the operating room for the rest of her restoration and rerigging.

And so it begins. Again.

Traditional Boat of the Month The Catboat

Let's look at the catboat, once the ubiquitous pickup truck of the New England waterfront. Some say she started in New York from the type that later developed into the Sandbagger. *Annie*, Mystic Seaport's first acquisition in 1931, is a fine example. Beefy guys would toss 50lb sandbags from side to side on every tack which could be good exercise on a breezy day. On calm days it is rumored that pie plates from lunch would be put to good use surreptitiously paddling on the lee side to maintain headway. Big money was wagered on the outcome.

Movable ballast was outlawed, however, as Corinthian yachting took over and rigs became less extreme. Our *Cactus Wren*, a Bolger "Harbinger" design, is a good example of a modern round bilged cat that retains the gaff rig, plumb stem and transom and still moves right along.

We New England Yankees, however, have a hard time attributing our cats to a place in the mid Atlantic, preferring something a bit closer to Boston. History helps us here, referencing Newport Point Boats as early relatives. These 1820s fishing boats had large mainsails, small jibs but shallow keels. Nat Herreshoff mentioned Point Boats as a type which led to his first design, a catboat which he and his brother built when boys.

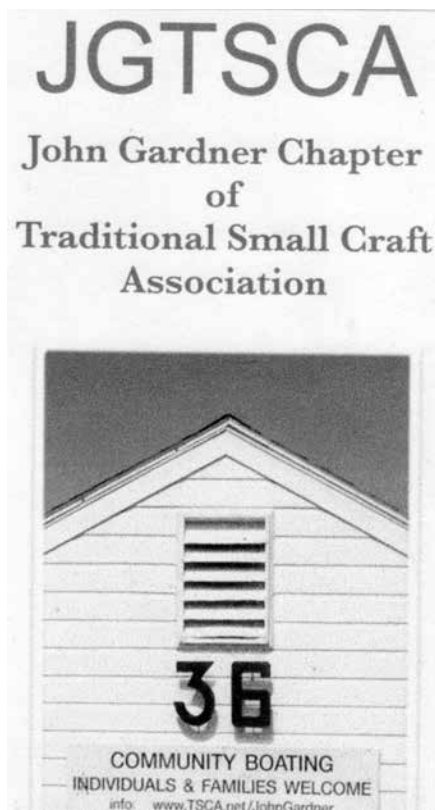
Further support for the catboat coming from this area is the 1840s replica *Peggotty*, built by Bob Baker in the 1970s and recently reconditioned by Mystic Seaport. Interestingly, it has no centerboard, rather a 6" keel board running the length of the boat. Her design was from Sakonnet, Rhode Island, where she, among other things, ferried folks and their stuff from the east shore of Narragansett Bay to Newport. Al Burnett, leader of the Seaport's Boathouse, sailed her this summer and pronounced her "steady" and "in no hurry to come about." 1,200# of lead aft of her fish well helped steady her a bit.

But even closer to Boston is the Cape Cod Cat, developed after the Civil War with a centerboard, a broad beam half her length, hard bilges and a relatively flat bottom combined with a gaff rig, plumb transom and slightly recurved bow which became the quintessential catboat. The Crosby family on Cape Cod famously built many, first for hand lining, scalloping and lobstering and later for "summer people" to pleasure sail, go for picnics and hold square dances in the cockpit. Just kidding about the square dancing, kind of.

Marshall Marine builds them of modern materials, Peter Vermilya's 22' *Purcell* is a beautiful example. The *Breck Marshall* at the Seaport is Barry Thomas' reproduction of a Crosby cat which has given hundreds of visitors their first sailboat ride. George Spragg built a 14' strip planked cat in wood.

On the smaller side are Beetle Cats at 12 1/2' that preserve the catboat shape, are built on the Cape and are great fun for kids and grandparents alike. The latest Seaport Beetle restoration, *Elvira Tucker*, just received her coat of purple paint, a new winter cover and awaits spring to have her name painted on.

Catboats are catching. The Catboat Association rigorously supports the type. They met here in Groton the first full weekend in March. The Seaport holds Tuesday afternoon Beetle Cat races, sign up to reserve one for the season. Since it is winter, curl up



View from the Side Deck:

Looking out towards the Race, the water is a shiny, steely gray in the late February afternoon sun. The sky is the same, they are seamlessly welded together where the reflection of the sun meets the water. It is cold, a bit of snow is predicted for the morning. The cirrostratus clouds coming in from the southeast bear this out. It is winter, but inside the Community Boathouse it is warm and I can hear George and Andy sawing seat risers. A student stops by, he works part time at Taylor and Snediker's. I gave him a newsletter, expect he'll be back.

with a good catboat book by Stan Grayson or John Leavens or visit the small boat shed at the Seaport over by the *Conrad*.

Fair Winds, Regards, Mr Cleat



Graphic of a catboat under sail from cover art of John Leavens book *The Catboat Book*.

Around the Shops

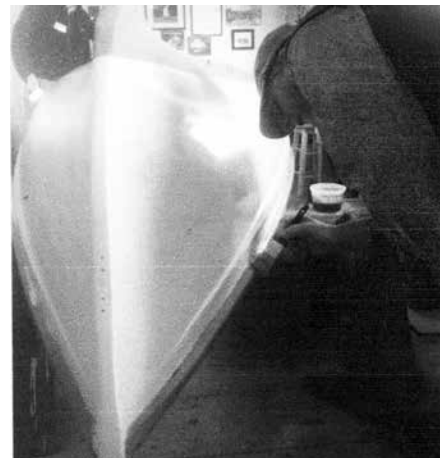
At Avery Point Community Boathouse *Nina*, John Atkin's 11'4" catboat, is progressing nicely. Purists might call it a flat bottomed skiff but it will sport a single sail gaff rig so we will stick with her designer's description. Leader George Spragg fit the breast hook while Andy Strode and Rob Pittaway fit the stern knees. Others pitched in on Friday evenings so now the inwales are in and the seat risers underway.



George and Andy working on *Nina*.

At the Seaport Boat Shop, Jim McGuire and his band of accomplished volunteers have two very different rowing boats in for their annual refinishing and repairs. One is John Gardner's Rowing Peapod (see *Building Classic Small Craft*, John's first book, 1977, Chapter 16) and only the second boat built by Gardner at the Seaport. Built from lines taken from a carved half model, it is a sweet rowing boat and perfect for a tour for two on the river. Plenty of reserve stability and easy to row.

The boat pictured beside the Pod is the opposite extreme, a Whitehall built by technical high school students in Maine and dropped off at the Seaport by a visiting schooner. Legend has it that Sharon Brown at the boathouse convinced them to leave it and initiated its repairs. The boat, naturally, is named *Sharon* and is her favorite to row. It rows fast and straight, a testimony to its use as a harbor water taxi.



Jeff Undercoffler and Mike Messick rolling and tipping final coats of topside paint on the peapod while Bill Littell varnishes the rub rail on the Whitehall.



Michael Burwell tried to convince me that this basket is a boat but I didn't bite, I think I saw him carrying flowers in it earlier. The thing is called a coracle and I've seen him paddling it in circles. He's going to give a class at Crystal River on how to make these. Ever notice how all of us old boat guys dress the same.



Here's the "smelling like a rose" award of the year. This boat was out in the woods behind a rundown shack completely overgrown and blocked in by small trees. Fland's friend told him that he could have it if he could get it out. After lots of chopping and chain sawing, here it is all cleaned up. This is a Marshall Sanderling, for the last 50 years one of the prettiest 18' catboats around. I thought Texas Jim got a super deal when he stole his from a little old lady but this one takes it, unless there were snakes involved in getting it out.



You guys had a lot of questions about the foam boats so I'll answer some more. We've had some experience now and have learned some things we'd change. We'd use two layers of glass instead of one. It wouldn't add much weight but would give more than twice

From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

the strength and they could use the extra puncture resistance. It's also hard to get the weave filled with a single layer of glass. It has something to do with glass on foam and it's a total pain in the ass to get it filled. A single layer, no matter the weight of cloth, just won't fill easily and leaves tiny pinholes that water can get into. Stan found an innovative way to fill and smooth the finish. You can't use the usual fillers so he mixed some Cabosil with the same latex paint used to paint the boat. It makes a smooth creamy filler that dries really fast.



How do we attach handles and foot pegs and such on foam? PL Premium 3X, of course. We just make a hole larger than needed, fill it with PL, stick in the attachment and let it harden. This stuff expands a little and makes a really solid connection. As I've told you before, we use this stuff for ALL of our gluing applications. We never use epoxy to attach anything to anything. Epoxy is for glassing and fairing.



Tana Rose did finish her 16 footer and it is a Mermaid. What the hell, if you're making your own boat why not go all out and really make it your own. It takes a tad longer to finish one like this.



I'll finish up the kayaks with Stan's little boat. It worked out pretty well, not as fast as the longer ones but good for 13' and he can flip it up in top of his car with one hand.



Since we use water based paint for all of our boats you know that I had to give Pettit's new water based bottom paint a try. It still uses copper and the anti fouling agent but cleans up with water. It's really easy to apply. I had no expectations of this stuff working, in fact, I've never been real happy with any bottom paint. I pulled her out after three months in the salt water expecting to have to do some major scraping and repainting and here's what it looked like. Can you believe it? Not one single barnacle, none at all. All I did is give her a quick brushdown for the scum line and put her back in the water. This is the cheapest of the three levels Pettit offers. If any of you try this paint let me know how it works for you.



Howard ripping something and Wally wondering what to do next. As I've said before, how do you offer advice to someone who doesn't know what it's supposed to be?



This beautiful black boat is Kevin's Cortez melonseed. He tells me that the whole boat will be black and even have a black sail. This is a great view of the shape of these boats. If you could look straight down on my *Helen Marie* you'd see exactly the same shape since she's this same hull blown up by about 25%.



Steve got this picture of us launching *Helen Marie* at the local ramp. All I do is crank up and back off the trailer.



I got the idea to send you the story about our Star rebuild after seeing these pictures of some boats that Mike Corrigan works on. Mike may be the best wooden boat fixer upper in the world but I bet he don't know shit about foam boats.



And I bet Mike doesn't use water based anything on the boats he works on. I'll show him how it's done when he stops by the shop for a refresher course in beer drinking. The water under these boats is probably solid ice right now. Clayton, New York, is on the St Lawrence River.

The only ice we have here at the Tiki Hut is in the icemaker. How come I'm getting more funny looking and Helen stays young and pretty. I keep expecting her to replace me with a younger, more up to date model.



This nameplate was a present from Richard Honan, another master builder and perfectionist. It even has an engraved image of my melonseed *Laylah*. If I weren't so cocky I'd feel really intimidated knowing all of you geniuses out there who do such fine work.



Construction of my 16' Guide Boat has been moving right along. Over the past couple of weeks Brother Steve and I glassed and epoxied the interior of the hull, followed by three coats of straight exoxy. On February 1 I marked off and cut the sheer or gunwale. It's really tough job, getting a fair and sweet curve. It's the first thing the eye sees when viewing the hull.

Following cutting the sheer, I started with sanding the interior of the hull. Next up was cutting and epoxying together the scarfs for the rubrails and inwales. Then it was home to watch the Patriots snatch a Super Bowl win from the Seattle Seahawks. It was a very successful day!

20 Mile Boat Build (Continued)

By Richard Honan



Using a 5" random orbital sander to "rough up" the glossy epoxy finish.



Using a flexible wood batten to get a fair curve along the sheer.



Sighting a sweet curve in the sheer.



I used a wood batten as a guide and a small router or laminate trimmer with a pilot bit to cut off the excess wood along the sheer.



The "Princess Bride" checking on progress.



Preparing the scarfs for gluing.



Preparing to glue or epoxy together the rub rails and inwales.

Applying thickened epoxy to the scarfs.





Clamping the scarfs together.



The 16'9" rub rails and inwales epoxied and clamped together. I'll let them sit over night and unclamp them in the morning. Next up will be tapering the ends and shaping them.



Attention: Shaw & Tenney

Just want to give you a heads up that my new cherry wood oars arrived safe and sound. They look beautiful and will complement the Adirondack Guide Boat that I am currently building. I'm hoping to give them their first test in May at the Essex River Race and in July at Gloucester's 20-mile Blackburn Challenge around Cape Ann.



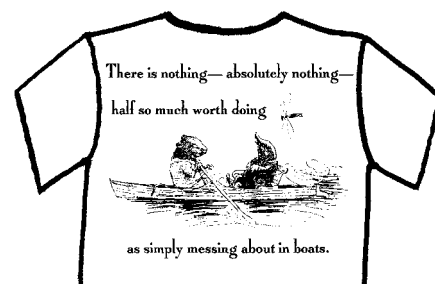
It's been slow going the past couple of weeks with all the snow. Much time has been spent snowplowing, shoveling roofs and clearing an area so Lucky can pee. Almost 72" of snow has fallen in the last two weeks. I've had a tough time, even being retired, trying to find the time to work on the Adirondack Guide Boat.



The gunwales or sheer has been cut down and I've been sanding the glassed and epoxied interior of the hull. Tough work, similar to shoveling snow, although not as cold. Next up will be installing the rub rails and the inwales.



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The winter was flying by while I was trying to decide what to build next. Well, I finally decided I'm not building any new boat this winter. I told myself that I had promised a face lift to a bunch of girls in shop. Way back in November I brought the Blond in for her treatment. Remember the Blond, she was the light colored cedar strip canoe that I built a couple years back. She waited and waited through the holiday season and into the new year. She waited until the end of January until I finally got down there and said, "It's your turn."

She said "It's about time."

I had three solo canoes that I wanted to refinish over the winter and she was the first on the list. She had no real complaint because she was, after all, waiting in a warm shop and I would come by and visit often while I was doing honey dos. This boat was the newest. All I wanted to do was to sand her out and revarnish her inside and out. That was easier said than done.

I have a bunch of sanders, each serves a different situation. I started with my Bosch random orbit 5" sander. This came with a collecting bag that I rarely use. I have a small Shop Mate vacuum that I connect to the sander with a 10' section of vacuum cleaner hose. Nothing that I have found collects all the dust, but I still try.

I started on the inside using this 5" disk. I thought that I had a fairly good finish on the boat, but as I started sanding I found a lot of bumps and runs all over the interior. They instantly show up as white spots when the sander hits them. I switched to #60 grit disks and tried to sand most of them off without cutting into the fiberglass.

There were areas where that sander simply didn't fit, like in the stems and under the thwarts and seat, so I went to a smaller one, my Ryobi palm sander. This little sander takes an odd sized piece of sandpaper. I have a roll of #120 grit paper which I have been trying to use up for years. I cut 2" wide strips across the roll and end up with about 1/2"x2" scraps.

This little toy vibrates at 13,000 strokes a minute. It is hard to hang onto but at that rate it removes a lot of stuff. I started with it under the ends of the seat, then moved on to sand the entire top edge of the hull on the interior up to the inner gunnels. This sander also failed to get into the ends so on to hand sanding.



By Mississippi Bob

Blond in the Beauty Shop

One day a few months back I found some green sandpaper. I was fascinated by the color and bought a couple packs, #60 and #80 grits. This is a 3M product called Sand Blaster. It is designed for hand sanding and it works quite well. I took a half sheet and folded it in the middle. This paper has a slightly adhesive back and the two surfaces bonded together. I used this quarter sheet pad and sanded into both ends then fore and aft through the entire interior all by hand. Most of my strip boats end up somewhat wavy on the inside. This makes it hard to get any sander into these valleys. The hand pad with this funny green paper did wonders cleaning up the inside.

On to the gunnels. I was back with the random orbit sander but with much finer paper. I didn't want to remove much varnish so this was done with #100 grit disks and passed over very fast. I gave this same treatment to the decks. I did a little hand sanding near the bolt heads for the thwarts and seat and also on the outer ends of these cross pieces. Then I vacuumed the boat out before turning it over. The cradles that I have for this work hold the canoe very well right side up, they also fit inside a canoe upside down and hold the boat very well.

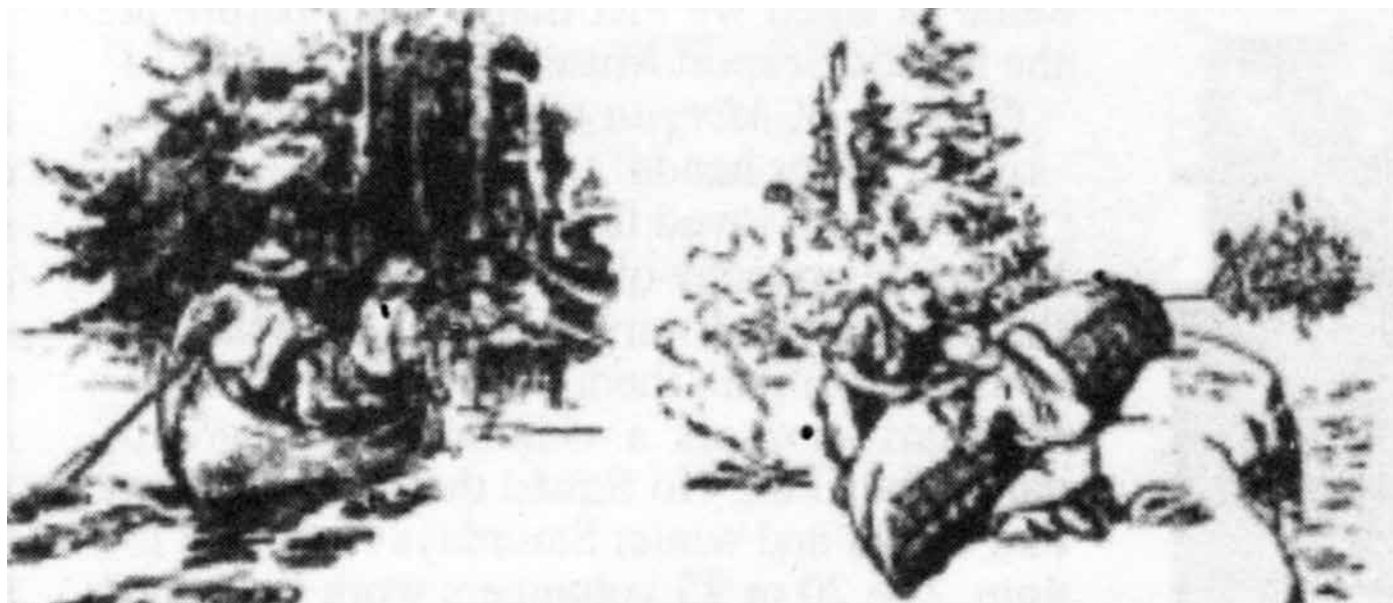
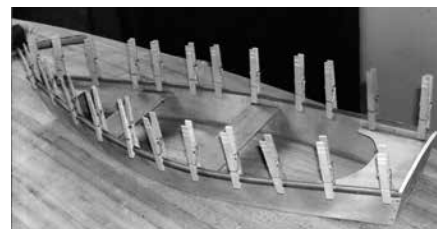
Sanding the exterior is a breeze compared to the inside. I used the Bosch and #100 grit, then went to a half sheet Makita that I have using #120 grit. With the sanding done it was time for varnish. I put two coats of semi gloss "Helmman" on the outside and gunnels. She was beginning to look real nice. Time to roll her upright again. The inside got the same two coats and the gunnels got more. I varnished the outer ends of the thwarts avoiding the bungees and seat webbing. One more flip and the outside got a final coat. I gave it a weekend to harden up, then it was time to change boats.

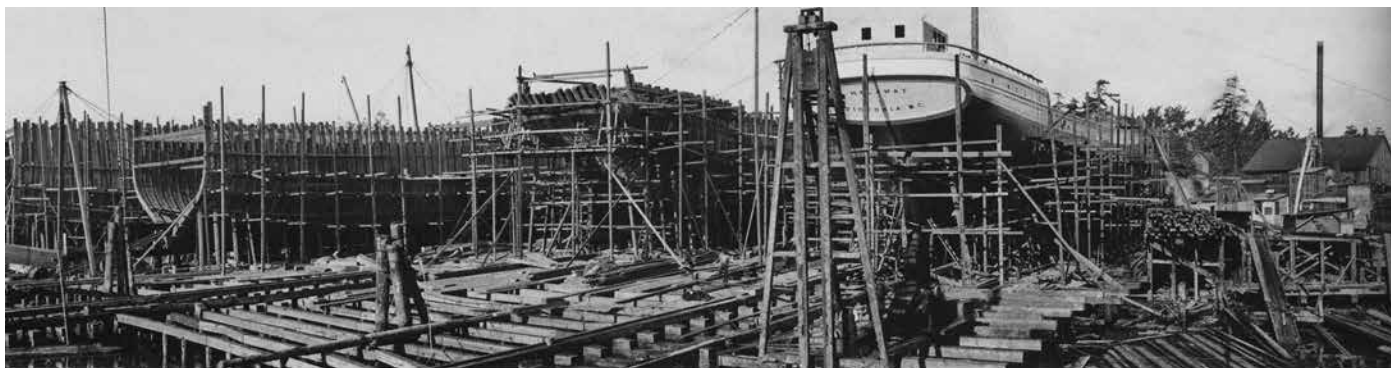
Changing boats in the winter is a project in itself. The shop has a 6' roll up metal door with an R factor of about .005. Not good in Minnesota in the winter. I built some plywood panels to close this opening and insulated them with 1 1/2" foam. These get screwed to the door frame when winter comes.

I got the next customer out of the loft and laid it in the snow outside this door. The panels came off and the two boats got swapped and the panel went back on. The shop never got cold. The Blond is now put away for the rest of the winter and El Barco got inside waiting her turn. El Barco is a plywood boat that is due for a paint job. The gunnels are rather tough but I plan to sand out all the black spots and revarnish the mahogany so I can get a few more years out of this beater canoe.

Never Enough Clamps?

Maybe you need to do smaller projects like my 1/6th scale model of 14' flat iron skiff that I may build some day. This model is made from 1 1/2mil plywood. It has mahogany rails glued on with gorilla glue and lots of clamps.





COURTESY R. GREENE COLLECTION

The MALAHAT under construction on the ways at Cameron-Genoa Mills Shipbuilders Ltd in the summer of 1917. Alongside her is probably the sister ship JEAN STEEDMAN, along with two wood cargo steamers to the left in the photo. In 1917, Cameron-Genoa Mills received a contract to build four of these steamers for the Imperial Munitions Board. The First World War shipyard was located in the bay (later filled in) just to the north of where the Point Hope Maritime shipyard is situated today and south of the Point Ellice bridge.

MALAHAT

The World War I Lumber Schooners

BY RICK E. JAMES

The old wood sailing ship MALAHAT may be one of the most famous of our West Coast historic vessels. She is fondly remembered by many an old salt for the prominent role she played as a mother ship to the rum-running fleet while Prohibition remained in effect throughout the United States during the 1920s and early 1930s. She earned further notoriety following the repeal of the *Volstead Act* in 1933; this time with BC west coast forest industry pioneers, the Gibson brothers. Gordon Gibson claimed that once he obtained the retired mother ship in late 1934, he turned MALAHAT into the world's first self-powered, self-loading/unloading log carrier.

When that experiment proved a disaster, he shrugged it off and simply cut her down into a log-carrying barge and put her on the end of a tug's tow-line. Still, MALAHAT was originally purpose-built as a deep-water lumber freighter, one of six twin-screw five-masted auxiliary schooners launched from a Victoria BC shipyard in 1917 in the midst of World War I.

After the flood of new immigrants to Canada's west slacked off by 1913, building activity came to a halt on the Prairies, as well as throughout BC. Since it had been so preoccupied with filling orders for internal markets, the BC lumber industry found itself facing little demand, over-production, high freight

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Messing About in Boats, April 2015 – 43



A view inside the unfinished hull of the schooner MABEL BROWN, taken at Wallace Shipbuilding in North Vancouver. She was the first Canadian auxiliary schooner to be launched on the West Coast and her design, by J.H. Price, was the basis for the MALAHAT and the other MABEL BROWN class ships.

rates, and virtually no overseas exports. The outbreak of World War I and the subsequent interruption of the world economy compounded these problems and brought the industry to the brink of disaster. Mill owners realised that in order to survive they would need to break into the lucrative overseas market then dominated by American brokers and mill owners.

US lumber schooners

Ten days after Britain and Germany went to war, all British shipping along the coast from Prince Rupert to Panama was paralysed and export markets were cut off. While lumber stacked up and the big export mills shut down creating job losses in BC, just across the border in Puget Sound mills were working steadily to fill orders for both local and California markets. The key to their success was that over the previous 75 years they had built up a fleet of lumber schooners for both the

coastwise trade and transpacific markets. American mill owners were able to rely on over 300 schooners registered to Pacific coast ship owners. Puget Sound shipyards had been building vessels for years for small operators, as well as the big-time lumber companies like Pope & Talbot and Port Blakely Mill which co-owned and operated fleets of schooners.

J.O. and D.O. Cameron, expatriate Americans who were part owners of an export mill at Genoa Bay on southern Vancouver Island, were at the forefront of a group of lumbermen who realised that if they were to survive, then the BC lumber industry needed its own fleet of carriers. They believed that it was possible to build these vessels in BC by drawing on the wealth of talent and expertise from just over the border. A December 1915 article in a Vancouver trade magazine by master mariner Capt. H.W. Copp advocated the building of such vessels. This sparked a meeting of the Manufacturers Association of British Columbia where Capt. Copp suggested

that suitable vessels could readily be constructed locally with lumber cut from the province's seemingly unlimited Douglas fir stands, at a cost of \$60,000 per vessel.

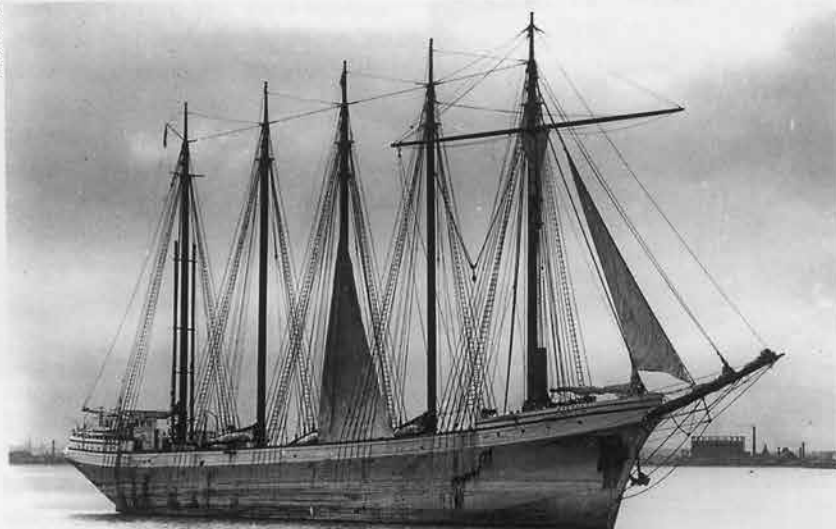
The Shipbuilding Assistance Act

Pressure applied by shipping interests and the Manufacturers Association, in combination with the province's worried lumbermen, resulted in the provincial government's appointing a special Committee of Inquiry. Such was the concern of the Premier Richard McBride's administration that on 31 May 1916 the *Shipbuilding Assistance Act* was passed. This Act was drawn up to encourage venture capital to support a local shipbuilding industry and the Shipping Credit Commission was empowered to provide aid to the aggregate amount of two million dollars to the province's shipping and

Author Credit

Rick James is a West Coast maritime history researcher and writer; the author of: *Raincoast Chronicles 21: West Coast Wrecks & Other Maritime Tales*, Harbour Publishing, 2011. *Ghost Ships of Royston*, Underwater Archaeological Society of B.C., 2004. He is currently working on his next book, *Don't Never Tell Nobody Nothin' Nohow*, the story of rumrunning along the Pacific coast during the United States' Prohibition years.





MALAHAT riding light at anchor after a transpacific voyage to deliver a cargo of West Coast lumber to an unidentified Australian port. The MABEL BROWN class schooners, like most wood lumber carrying vessels, were designed with port and starboard loading ports at their bows to facilitate the taking on of oversize lumber cargo into the holds. Regardless, the day of the sail-powered lumber schooners was all but over by the end of World War I since their carrying capacity was too small compared to the larger steel steamships which flooded into the cargo trade following the war. This, combined with the drop in world freight rates, left the lumber schooners uncompetitive.

shipbuilding industries if they were willing to direct their energies specifically to vessels capable of carrying cargos to international markets.

The *Act* stated that its intent was to encourage yards to build: "... ships for the carriage of freight on ocean routes and not to include any vessel intended for use in Provincial, coastwise or inland trade."

The Commission was willing to loan up to 55 percent of the value of the ships under the terms of the *Shipping Act* if the builders were unable to secure financing elsewhere and the ships were to be under the Commission's control as regards loading, charters, etc. The annual subsidy was offered only to those vessels that remained in the continuous service of the BC industry, carried cargo outwards from BC, and returned with cargos to the province.

Building the BC lumber schooners

Even before the *Act* passed, Wallace Shipyards in North Vancouver had already signed a contract for two schooners and the Victoria Machinery Depot in Victoria was negotiating for another two. Upon the enactment of the legislation, the Cameron Lumber Company, which ran a sawmill in Victoria's Upper Harbour, and the Genoa Bay Lumber Company put together their own shipbuilding firm, Cameron-Genoa Mills Shipbuilders, Ltd. and constructed a shipyard in the Upper Harbour. On 3 February 1917, the first of six five-masted twin-screw auxiliary schooners, the MARGARET HANEY, was launched. These unique wood motor-sailers (designed by

American J.H. Price who was appointed president of Cameron-Genoa Mills Shipbuilders in late 1916), were referred to as the MABEL BROWN class. They were named for the first Canadian auxiliary schooner to be launched on the West Coast, the MABEL BROWN, built at Wallace Shipbuilding in North Vancouver. William Lyall Shipbuilding Co. leased land and Wallace's Yard No. 2 and built another six of the schooners so, in total, 18 of the MABEL BROWN class were built by the Victoria and North Vancouver shipyards.

According to the *Victoria Daily Times*: "They are five-masted auxiliary schooners, with length along the keel of 225 feet, length over all of 260 feet, beam of 44 feet, and depth of hold 19 feet. They will be equipped with auxiliary power, using oil fuel Bolinder-type engines which will develop 220 horsepower, giving the vessels a speed, under normal conditions, of seven knots under engine power alone. Each ship will require a crew of 15 men."

The MABEL BROWN five-masters were bald-headed schooners, that is, they had no topsails. The mainsails were simply hoisted from the deck with steam winches, which reduced the need for experienced seamen. With World War I raging in Europe, crewmen were hard to come by along the Pacific coast.

The MALAHAT in the Pacific lumber trade

While the West Coast-built auxiliary schooners had short and rather disappointing careers overall (after the Armistice was signed in 1918, an over-supply of steam and motor ships returning from the Atlantic front flooded the shipping market), the most famous of the fleet, the MALAHAT, proved to be the exception. She pursued an active career in the Pacific lumber trade up until 1922 and went on to be involved in other rewarding ventures well into the 1940s. She was launched by Cameron-Genoa Mills Shipbuilders on Victoria's Upper Harbour on August 11, 1917. After fitting out, she was towed just across the harbour to Canadian Puget Sound Mills in Rock Bay to take on 400,000 board feet of lathes and lumber. The Victoria Ships Registry noted that the first owner was the Malahat Motorship Company Ltd with the mortgagee being Canada Steamship Lines Ltd of Montreal, Quebec.

After loading in Victoria, MALAHAT was towed to Port Alberni by the CPR steam tug NITINAT. There her load was topped off with 1,200,000 board feet of square timbers. Once a dispute was settled as to whose cargo she was to load, on 2 October 1917 the ship was cleared and on 17 October she set sail for Sydney, Australia. Because her engines had yet to arrive from Sweden, Capt. Thomas F. Morrison had gaff topsails and staysails bent to make up for the lack of auxiliary power.



In this photo, taken on March 24, 1917 MALAHAT's sister ship, the LAUREL WHALEN, has just been launched by the Cameron-Genoa Mills shipyard into Victoria's Upper Harbour and the tug RESPOND is picking up the towline. On the other side of the harbour the brick building which is today's Capital Iron can be made out (above the tug's stack) with the Hudson's Bay Company store behind in the distance.

MALAHAT arrived in Australia on 17 December 1917 after a voyage of 66 days. She discharged her cargo, set sail back across the Pacific, and returned to Seattle on 17 May 1918. There the ship was re-registered in Victoria on July 17 with the note: "... change of propulsion to Motor Ship Twin Screw." Her two Swedish Bolinder engines were finally installed. Nonetheless, a later captain, John Vosper, recalled that MALAHAT was best under sail, her two engines being too small. This would become more evident later in her career.

The ship's articles for the schooner's second voyage commenced the same day as her new registry. Canada Steam Ship Lines in Montreal was listed as the managing owner, while Thomas Morrison remained as master. MALAHAT loaded some 1,500,000 board feet of lumber at Victoria and Chemainus, and then set sail for Iquique, Chile on 18 July where she arrived on 14 September 1918. Carrying on, she stopped in Talara, Peru late in October, made Honolulu on 27 November and reached San Francisco 13 January 1919.

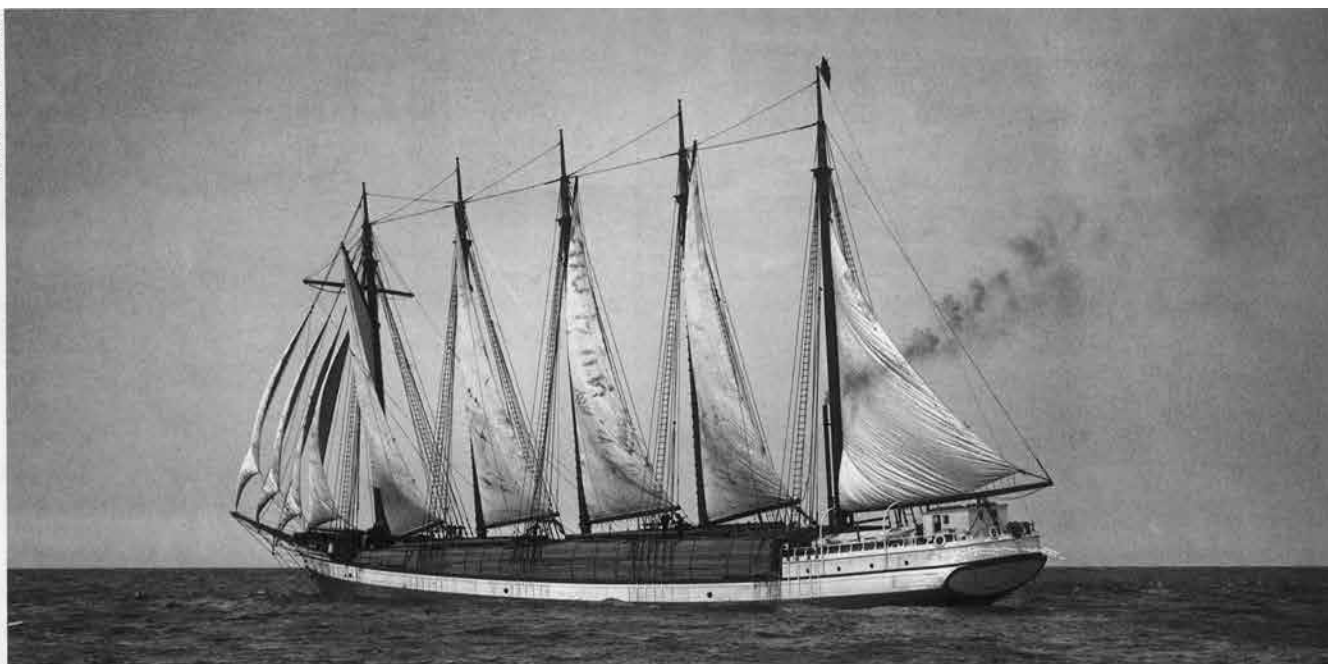
M.B. McLaren, who signed on as an 18-year old crewman for this voyage, shared his experiences with *Victoria Daily Times* writer, Pat Dufour, back in 1962. He noted that in Iquique, Chile, MALAHAT loaded a cargo of nitrates destined for England. From here, the ship proceeded to Peru for supplies and then headed for Honolulu, only to learn that the war was over and the cargo was no longer needed. The nitrates were consequently sold to local plantation owners and the ship set out for San Francisco in ballast. Looking back, McLaren recalled that the auxiliary schooners were sweet sailing ships



The MALAHAT steams through First Narrows in Burrard Inlet propelled by her two semi-diesel auxiliary engines manufactured by J & C.G. Bolinders Mekaniska Verkstad, Stockholm, Sweden, and each rated at 160 brake horsepower. When many of these MABEL BROWN schooners found themselves undergoing difficulties in foul weather, it was quickly discovered that these engines were unreliable as well as the ships being underpowered. Compounding these problems was the fact that, with World War I raging, it was difficult to find crew members skilled enough to operate the unconventional engine design.

but they had a nasty habit of opening at the seams when they were in the tropics. He can remember caulking in temperatures between 100 and 125 deg F. "We lads would go almost blind with that tar and sun and when we couldn't stand it anymore we'd go to the forecastle and stick damp bandages over our eyes until we felt well enough to start all over again."

From San Francisco, the schooner took on a cargo of gasoline for Japan, arriving sometime in March. MALAHAT left Yokohama in ballast to arrive at Astoria, Oregon 1 May 1919. She cleared the Columbia River port three weeks later and was off again on another lumber voyage, this time to Port Pirie,



The GERALDINE WOLVIN heads for the open Pacific on her maiden voyage, all sails set, her holds filled and decks stacked high with West Coast lumber. Besides their fore, main, mizzen, jigger and spanker sails the MABEL BROWN 'bald-headed' schooners were also rigged with a fore staysail and inner, outer and flying jibs. The ships were all rated some 1,500 gross tons with a carrying capacity of around 1,500,000 board feet of lumber. The GERALDINE WOLVIN was one of six of the schooners constructed (at a cost of approximately \$120,000 each) in 1917 by Wallace Shipyards in North Vancouver for Canada West Coast Navigation.

Australia. From there it was back across the Pacific to Callao, Peru in November, then a stop at Taltal, Chile in January 1920. Two months later she was in Hawaii. MALAHAT's logbook was finally delivered up at Portland, Oregon on 10 April 1920 after completing a voyage that was nearly two years long.

On 26 May 1920 MALAHAT once again cleared Astoria, this time under the command of master W.A. Steeves and bound for Adelaide, Australia. Ruth Greene, author of the 1969 book, *Personality Ships of British Columbia*, wrote that the schooner took on lumber from a small port in Oregon, destined for Australia once again and after the cargo was delivered sailed with coal from Newcastle, New South Wales to Callao. Here she left empty and headed up the coast of the Americas to arrive in at San Francisco on 10 April 1921.

A new agreement was drawn up in San Francisco on 8 August 1921. Canada Steam Ship Lines was still the owner but now one H.C. Neilson took over as master. MALAHAT was again bound for Australia, probably with lumber from Grays Harbor, Washington, since she stopped there on route. Her logbook noted: "Melbourne Nov. - NSW - Auckland - NSW gale damage - Auckland - Hawaii blown shore April 22."

The voyage terminated when MALAHAT arrived in Seattle from Honolulu 11 July 1922. With that, her career as a deep-water lumber freighter came to an end and by May the next year the schooner was still lying idle in Seattle. Though not for long.

In the summer of 1923, the MALAHAT was acquired by one Archibald MacGillis, operator of a Coal Harbour tug and barge operation, the Vancouver Courtenay Transportation Co, and

the Victoria-built vessel entered into a new, and more lucrative, line of employment. MALAHAT was about to become famous all along the West Coast as far south as Ensenada, Mexico – in the rum running trade. ◀

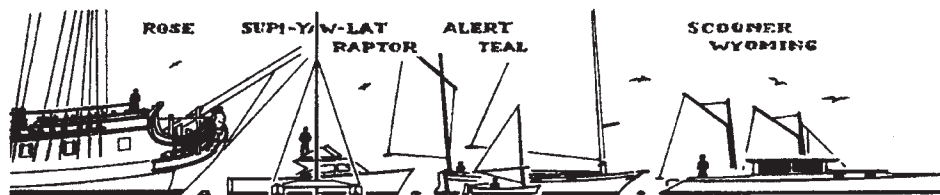
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Rick James is a Courtenay BC-based researcher/writer in BC's maritime history. He will continue his history of the lumber-carrying schooner MALAHAT in her subsequent careers as a rum-running mother ship and log barge in a future issue of Western Mariner.



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Let's keep this short. The basics are quite straightforward, even though the profile does need some explaining. The point here is to seat at least 12 fishing charter guests, perhaps a few more, with at least ten forward and two aft plus a few folks standing, and then haul them at least expense at around 8 knots to those special fishing holes on the lake, along some salt-water shoreline, between various islands, none too far from the base.

The hull is the same as Model 5, more or less open to allow maximum space along her gunwale for folks to fish standing or to put the rod into a socket to be keenly observed. There is actually a lot of gunwale length with about 2x40' of length (counting the transom), which should keep folks from intruding on each other's movement with rod, bait, beer cooler, fish breath. They just want to watch those 6" steps as they either approach the bow or the stern levels. Still, with reasonably high rails, even stumbles will not have anyone diving overboard.

For the captain to keep an eye on things and to just plain drive her with all those guests standing around, the open wheelhouse is elevated by about a foot, allowing scanning the course ahead above most folks' heads and, of course, watching pretty much of everything aboard. The single head just forward of the

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Another Preliminary Study

For "Windemere 40"

Part 6: Model 6 Sportfisherman
 40'3"x8'6"x2'6"x1x45hp Diesel

helm would be entered through the side door, minding the step down and the sloping roof.

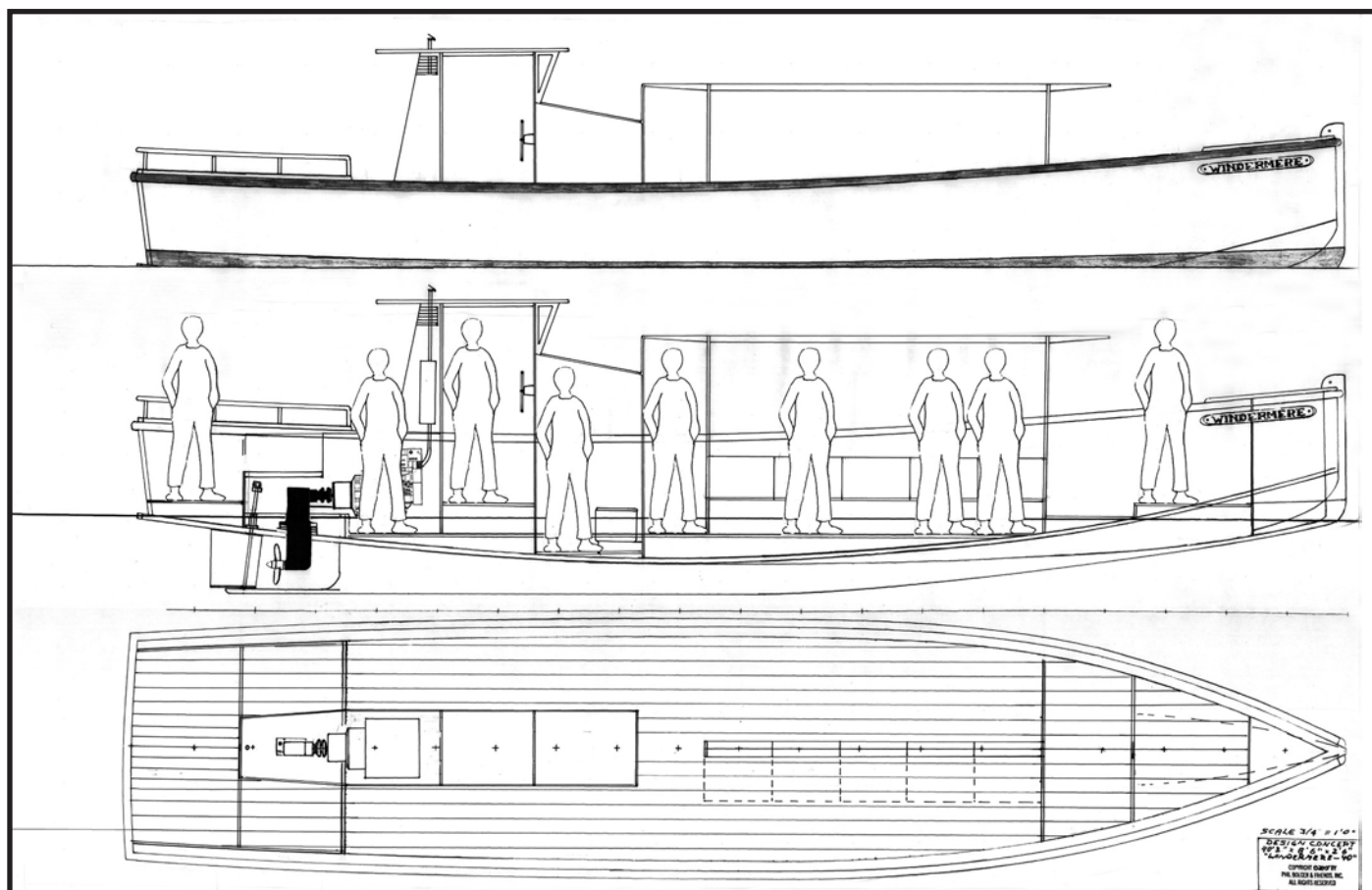
Right behind the helm we've got the dry exhaust and the hot air uptake to exhaust and vent this air oil cooled two liter 45/55hp 2800rpm unit. Here on Model 6 the 40' hull is driven via that same bronze lower unit, but this time from ahead of it to clear up the transom area for fishing, including using a transom door for big game aspirations. So the whole superstructure is around 15.5' long by no more than 30" wide to leave the most space for folks moving about. And yes, all the gutting could be done on the motor box with a well arranged receptacle of the leftovers to not have any of the slippery stuff on the deck.

The seemingly odd geometries ahead of the helm is actually just a centerline framework rooted deep in her shallow keel struc-

ture to both support five fold down seats per side and a fold out sunshade/rain shelter arrangement overhead. During longer trips towards or from the fishing grounds the seats would likely be used, with coolers and tackle box under, and likely even the canvas work overhead pulled out laterally for protection from either sun or rain. But when fishing gets going in earnest, seats may all be folded out of the way and the canvas retracted to allow as many people and much rod movement as possible. Yes, a big bad fighting chair could be mounted on the drive box aft, perhaps even another one elevated near the bow.

Or we'd use her as a dive base, hunting with spears perhaps. And even glass bottom sections could be integrated to keep the less adventurous or agile interested in realities below. That diesel certainly can drive a compressor, and hydraulics to leverage an optional A frame across her stern to lift that Spanish galleon's cannon or just weird modern trash for that trendy art installation.

The argument can certainly be made that this kicking around of 40 footers in various layouts across multiple issues would not seem in keeping with MAIB's format or Phil's extensive work in much smaller craft. However, those who'd have looked at the 12' Old Shoe cat yawl would see distinct simi-



larities with these simple shallow long keel geometries of these 40 footers or the earlier 28 footers. Sure, there is much more material involved here than with Old Shoe or 15'6" Micro, for that matter. But if several folks got together to pool resources, skills and mutual encouragement, the task of putting together these simple much larger structures may not be remotely as intimidating than many other 40 foot proposals. And there are no spars or sails to build. At least not yet!

There is one more layout on this hull that seems tempting to fool around with, this time a cruiser again. Then, who knows? Perhaps a surprise. Or not.



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The Saving of *Grace*

The Inn at Palmetto Bluff, a Montage Resort in Bluffton, South Carolina, which owns one of the few wooden yachts 100 years or older still in existence, *Grace*, announced she is undergoing a \$300,000 renovation to be unveiled this spring.

Grace is named to honor the sister of R.T. Wilson Jr, the wealthy New Yorker who purchased the 18,000 acres of Palmetto Bluff in 1902. *Grace*, who lived for a time at Palmetto Bluff, married Cornelius "Neely" Vanderbilt III and went on to become the most prominent society hostess in New York and Newport, hosting literally hundreds of parties for charity each year.

Grace was built in 1913 by the New York Yacht, Launch & Engine Company of Morris Heights, New York. Her original owner, Mr Joseph B. Cousins, Esq, of the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, commissioned the vessel for his family's use on Long Island Sound and the East and Hudson Rivers. She has the unique distinction of being one of the last remaining examples of the early gas-powered yachts built prior to World War I.

Grace has had a long history of colorful owners. Among them was James Adams, owner of the James Adams Floating Theater. The theater was towed to many coastal towns of the south bringing entertainment and culture to isolated areas. *Grace* (then named *Sispud II*) would follow the theater to all its destinations, many times with distinguished guests. Novelist Edna Ferber wrote "Showboat," which later became a smash Broadway play, from her experiences aboard and traveling with Mr Adams.

Grace sank in Thunderbolt, Georgia, in 1941. She was later resurrected and well



maintained until the late 1970s, when she was abandoned out of the water at a backwoods boatyard. In 1990 a partnership of antique yacht aficionados moved her to Fairhaven, Massachusetts, where a rebuilding project was begun. In 2004 Palmetto Bluff acquired *Grace* and began extensive restoration which continues to this day.

Follow her journey on Instagram @MontagePalmettoBluff/#100YearsofGrace

Specifications

Type: Motor Yacht
 Builder: New York Yacht, Launch & Engine Co, Morris Heights, New York
 Year Built: 1913
 Rebuilt: 1996, current restoration commenced 2004
 LOA: 60' (18.29m)

LWL: 52.5 (16.00m)

Beam: 12.1' (3.69m)

Draft: 3'6"

Capacity: 24 guests plus crew

Speed Cruising 10.1 knots, top 12.8 knots

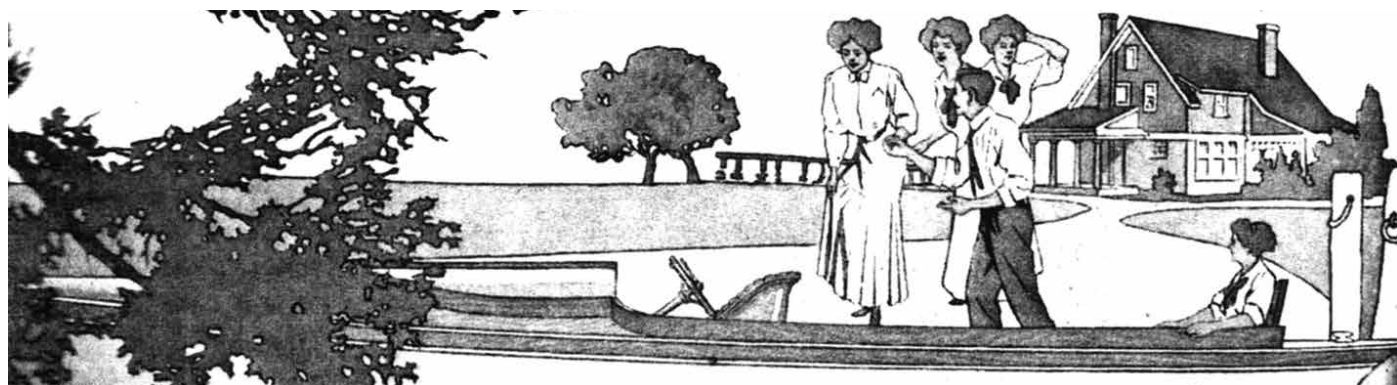
Layout Above Deck: Pilothouse and seating with awning and weather curtains

Layout Below Deck: Intimate lounge with dining area, galley, owner's stateroom, head and engine room

Construction: Bottom, long leaf yellow pine planking below the waterline, white cedar above on steam bent white oak frames

Cabin and Interior: Original mahogany paneling with brass fixtures

Engine: Original 4-cylinder, 50hp 20th century gasoline marine engine, present, Caterpillar 3116, 350hp Diesel marine engine



The *Grace Eileen* and Other Boats.

A New Design, and More on the Cabin Top

by

Arch Davis.



www.archdavisdesigns.com

As I write this, in mid January, I have a Penobscot 13 under construction in my shop. I expect to have it done by March or early April when I will offer it for sale, spring being a good time to sell a small boat. I have finished the planking, but with nighttime temperatures dropping below 0° and daytime highs only in the 20's, I am giving it a rest this week. I only have a small woodstove in my shop which struggles to get the temperature up to 50°F, so I am taking the opportunity to move a new design ahead.

This is a 25' light displacement sailboat, one that will be fun to race and offer somewhat Spartan accommodations for a crew of four. Like the *Grace Eileen*, it will be built of plywood with lapstrake topsides. Here is what I have settled on for dimensions: Length overall 25'6", waterline length 23'3", beam 9'0", draft 5'0". With the displacement at 3,000lbs and sail area of 350sf the SA/D ratio works out to 26.9, with the D/L ratio at 106.

Compare this with the *Grace Eileen* at 30'0", LWL 25'5", beam 9'2", draft 5'0", sail area 425sf and displacement 7,000lbs. These parameters give a SA/D equal to 18.6 and D/L at 190. These are big differences, the *Grace Eileen* gets along very well, the new boat should be quite slippery. The questions are, of course, can the displacement be kept to 3,000lbs with a reasonable ballast ratio, and will it stand up to such a generous sail area? Using 9mm plywood for the topsides planking, and 12mm, or maybe two layers to total 15mm for the bottom, and with a very simple interior, I imagine that I should be able to keep the ballast ratio close to 45%.

The draft is quite deep for a boat this size. With so much deep water along the coast of Maine, shallow draft is not really a virtue, while a deep fin keel is great for good windward performance. When the wind and sea get up, a deep keel reaches down into water that is less disturbed, with less downwind drift, helping to prevent leeway.

Now anyone who sails in this part of the world might be aware that there is already a boat that is similar to the description above built in Brooklin, Maine, a few years ago by Brion Rieff and Frank Petersen. Named *Windsprite*, she is of glued lapstrake construction and as pretty as one could possibly want. (I have Mr Rieff's permission to reproduce the accompanying picture, Mr Petersen unfortunately has died.) With such a nice design already out there, one may ask why I would try to do better. Well, my excuse is that my boat will be different, with substantially more beam, carried further aft and more sail area. But the real reason, of course, is that anyone designing boats would always want to do it their way.

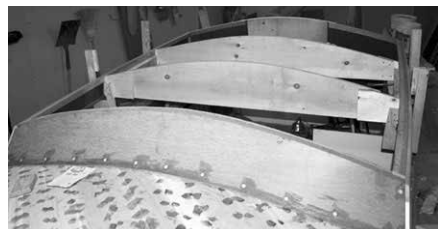
I am trying to combine sheer and stem profiles that give more than a nod to traditional aesthetics with a modern looking cabin trunk. This will have compound curves and it



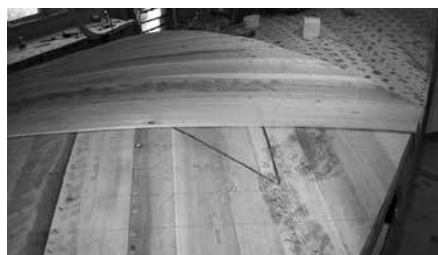
will have to be cold molded. I would use the same method that I used on the *Grace Eileen*.

I initially intended to make the *Grace Eileen*'s cabin and doghouse tops from two layers of plywood with a layer of cedar planks laid fore and aft between them, but I did not have the plywood on hand when I was ready to start. I did have the cedar and some pine from trees from the woods behind my house that I had taken down and milled. The cedar was all live edged, many of the planks far from straight, so to get the most economical use from it I had to trim it to random widths. This would not look good from below. The pine, on the other hand, was all nice and straight, in 12" wide boards, which I could rip to about 3 3/4" wide with no waste.

We rounded over the edges on both sides and dry fitted them over bulkheads, beams in way of the mast partners and temporary beams elsewhere. The photo shows the temporary beams for the doghouse roof, clamped to the sides so that there would be no holes left by fastenings. I planned to finish the cabin sides bright inside and outside. We took the planks off, painted the undersides and put them back. To keep them in shape, we troweled thickened epoxy into the grooves along the rounded over edges on the top surface.



Where there were temporary beams underneath, we clamped beams on top, driving wedges to hold the planks tight against the beams below, as in the next photo. When the glue had set, we dismantled the top beams and added two diagonal layers of the cedar, running wires for the lights in grooves cut with a router between them, using plastic staples and more epoxy, then glassed it all. The result was a light, rigid structure, prepped below, with an attractive appearance.



Back to the Penobscot 13, about the one job on these boats that is a pain in the butt is cleaning up the excess glue that squeezes out along the laps on the inside. We want to see this excess because it tells us that there are no voids in the joints and that they won't leak. Crawling underneath and working overhead, lying on a cold concrete floor, has little appeal to my aging joints. I have rigged up a system of tackles that allows me to turn the boat over, so I'm working downhand. It makes the job much more pleasant.



With a helper, these boats are not too heavy to turn over by hand. My little 12' peapod is light enough that I can turn it by hand unaided. My other two Penobscot designs, the 14 and 17, are too big and heavy on their more elaborate building jigs to turn, although some builders have devised ingenious pivot systems that enable them to do it. There is another approach if my back just won't let me get under the boat, and that is to leave the excess until I have finished planking and have turned the boat over, then to use a heat gun to soften it when it comes away reasonably easily with a putty knife.

The next jobs, when we get a few slightly less frigid days, will be to fit a deadwood and stem facing, then I will turn the boat over and set it in a cradle for fitting the rubrail, seats and to finish other details. This is all very pleasant work. The last stage, sanding and varnishing and painting, I'm not so keen on. Some people tell me that they love this work, but I don't. I can't help feeling that when the woodwork is done, the job should be finished, the last stage feels too much like an irksome chore and I am afraid that I don't really take the time that I should. Anyway, I tell myself that a pretty boat with an indifferent paint job is still a pretty boat, whereas the shiniest finish will never make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

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While checking out the batteries on our boat, I discovered that one battery was weak and the onboard charging system was constantly trying to recharge the battery. I pulled the battery and put it on an automotive charger overnight, no luck on recharging the battery. I went back to checking on connections and testing the other battery. The second battery tested fine with my "load tester" but the voltmeter in the instrument panel showed less than desired charge status. Fortunately there was a mobile boat repair operation going on a few docks down, I went to ask for assistance. The gentleman showed up with a special tester that showed that the battery should be replaced and the other one was not in good shape. Now two batteries down at the same time! One battery was totally dead and the other was just about there. I took the starting battery off to purchase a replacement and left the deep cycle on to power the bilge pump if needed.

While testing the batteries, including removing the terminals to make sure there was no corrosion and/or a bad connection, I found that one of the terminals was cracked on the inside. The clamp looked good from the top but the terminal would soon fail (I had over tightened the connection). The solution to the problem of the terminal not fitting the battery post properly is a "Battery Post Shim" that can be purchased at most auto supply stores. I have used a piece of copper pipe for the same purpose in the past, but the shim provides a better, firm connection between the terminal and the post.

When I check on our boat, I always run the bilge pump using a short stick with a hook on it to trigger the float switch. I raise the float switch up and the pump comes on, and when I release the float switch the pump stops. All is well! When I release the float switch and the pump stops, the water in the outlet hose comes back into the bilge. Some people have written to boating magazines about a one way valve in the outlet hose to stop the water from coming back into the bilge. The use of a one way valve is not recommended as it is one more thing that can go wrong and the valve restricts the water flow overboard. I view the little amount of water



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

coming back into the bilge as a way to flush the pump of any debris it may have collected while running.

The Apalachee Bay Yacht Club (ABYC) has a number of members who own Puffin sailing craft. Once a month, usually on the last Saturday, a series of races are held around a small course in the local basin. The basin has little traffic, is walled, fairly deep and allows the boats to sail with little wave action, assuming a nice wind. The course is marked with red, ball shaped floats. These floats are rather expensive. An alternative to such commercial marks for protected waters and smaller courses are plastic, red, 5gal paint (or other liquid) containers. They come with a very tight fitting lid and, when tied with a barrel hitch, make usable markers.

The line from the barrel hitch is arranged so the lid side of the container is down (helps keep any water out) with a line running from the loop in the hitch to the anchor. An appropriate inexpensive anchor is a plastic one gallon container filled with concrete with an eyebolt sticking out for the attachment of the line. My wife and I used such an arrangement for the starting mark when we were the race committee for the offshore PHRF fleet. All in all, it makes a low cost setup for use as needed, easy to launch, recover and stow on the boat. The commercial marks may be best for longer courses, but for a short course, other options are possible.

At one point ABYC was the host for the Hobie Regional Regatta held in the southeast. We had boats from all over coming to race offshore. We needed marks for three courses that could be seen from a distance. We built the marks using two sizes of aluminum poles,

some Styrofoam, plywood and lead. The aluminum poles were 6' long and when we slid one inside the other we could build an 11' "stick" using a couple of aluminum pop rivets to hold them together. A piece of dowel was stuck about a foot into the larger pole with a galvanized nail through the aluminum and into the wood to hold it in place.

One wears safety glasses, a facemask and gloves while pouring the melted lead into the pole to provide a counterweight at the end of the pole. Once the lead had hardened, the end of the pole was "folded in" to hold the lead in place. The Styrofoam was cut into 1' squares and glued together (one over the other) and a hole was put down the center for the pole. The foam was then slid up the pole about 4' and secured with a square of plywood above and below, held in place with "L" brackets secured to the pole and the wood. An eyebolt was attached to the pole below the foam for the anchor line attachment. With a flag on the top, the result was visible for about a mile, even with considerable wave action (we had a stake boat at each mark just in case). These marks worked quite nicely and the total cost was low compared to any commercial alternatives.

The floats to which we secure our boats and the pilings that hold the floats in place in tidal waters are always a concern in terms of upkeep. A neighbor had the pilings that held part of the ramp system disintegrating at the section where the piling went into the ground. His solution was to get some PVC pipe with an inside diameter larger than the outside diameter of the piling. He took up the ramp platform lumber at the seawall end and slid a PVC pipe over each of the pilings and sank the PVC pipe into the bottom below the damaged portion of the piling (done at low tide). Concrete was then "poured" around the piling inside the PVC pipe and pushed down until the wood piling was encased in the concrete. The concrete holds the piling and the PVC holds the concrete. If done correctly, a sound ramp structure is created. I have only seen this done on pilings which do not need to "flex" with the movement of the float. I have no idea if the concept would work where the float is subject to wave/wake action.



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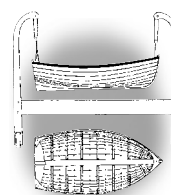
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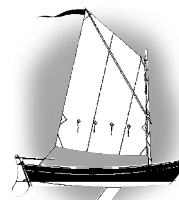
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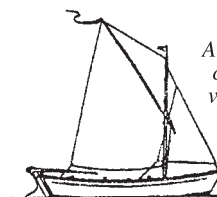
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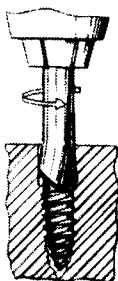
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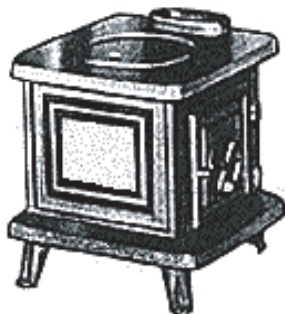
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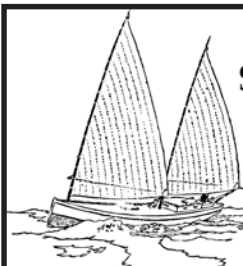
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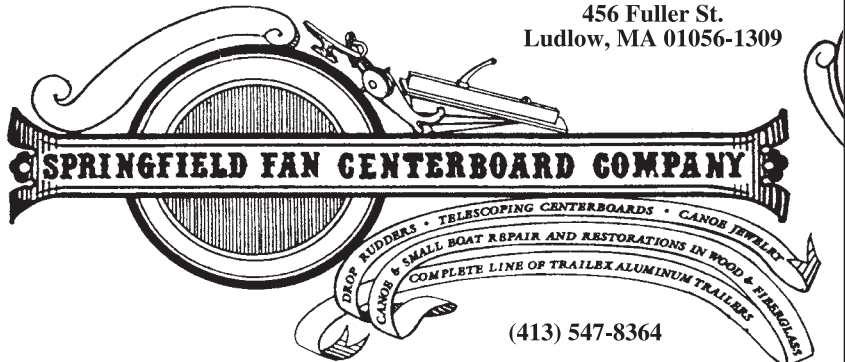
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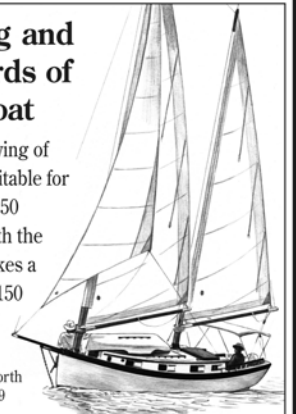


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UPCOMING SHOWS

Apr 17-19 Bay Bridge Boat Show, Stevensville MD

